Bellefonte Republican.

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WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NEW YORK, November 12, 1892.

Wall Street has devoted the past week to the election and its results. The sweeping majorities for the "outs" are naturally accepted as investing this election with much more than ordinary importance; for they not only call for important changes in the commercial policy of the country but, by reason of their extraordinary numerical strength, convey so much the stronger probability that such changes may prove irreversible for prolonged period at least. In any event, the change in the Presidency and in both houses of Congress leaves no room for doubt that, within at most two years, our manufactures will enter upon radically changed relations with those of foreign countries.

This result may have been expected in some quarters, and by most it must have been regarded as more or less possible, and that fact prevents the new prospects from being an unqualified surprise; but, when the possibility has become a fixed certainty, men look at the new future with more seriousness, and every one feels that an entirely new set of business conditions confronts them. Owing to the differences in party and economic stand-points from which the new situation is viewed, there is much difference in opinion as to the outcome and the drift of affairs during the interim preceding the promised new legislation; and this conflict of view begets some confusion and uncertainty. As usual, under the uncertainties attending a new set of conditions, Wall Street is disposed to discount the worst probabilities, but also counts upon a second operation based on the reaction that comes later from appreciation of the favorable factors in the problem. Very naturally, therefore, there was considerable selling of stocks on Tuesday and a general moderate decline in prices. For obvious reasons, the discrimination was most marked against the "trust" and "industrial,' issues. The reduction of duties on the products of those corporations will expose them to a direct foreign competition against which their shield of monopoly will be unavailing; and, to say nothing of the possibility of a more serious fate, the present large profits of these institutions can hardly fail to be sooner or later very seriously reduced. During recent large operations in these specialties, considerable amounts have been shifted upon the class of small holders, which makes them now the more exposed to the attacks of the "bears." The Coal stocks have also suffered, but not to the same extent as the industrials. In respect to these the question is mooted—what would be the effect of the repeal of the existing duty of 75 cents per ton on bituminous coal? and some doubt is felt whether the new complexion of politics may not affect the disposition of the courts on proceedings pending against Reading. Railroad stocks have suffered rather from sympathy with the selling of the specialties referred to, than from any supposition that the new prospect threatens them. Although, on so large a question, it is premature as yet to form any definite conclusions, yet it comes up among the first thoughts that the reduction of wages and the cheapening of iron, steel and fuel, which may be expected from a lower scale of tariff duties should largely economize the operating and construction work of the railroads, as well as facilitate the building of new roads which for the last four years has been sharply curtailed, and is likely to continue so until the tariff is actually reduced.

These are the few first-thoughts expressed in Wall Street operations in the few days immediately following the election. The new situation introduced is however a very wide one. It means a coming change in the position and prospective value of nearly everything bought and sold within our domain, and first-thoughts therefore afford a very imperfect indication of what the after-thought may be. Radical changes are impending in every branch of business, and national reconstruction is before us. The next two years therefore must be a period of anxiety to some, but perhaps equally of hope to others. The misfortune is that manufacturers may have to wait for at least eighteen months (unless an early special session of the new Congress is called, which does not seem improbable) before they can know what are to be the conditions of tariff under which they will have to conduct their business, which is of course calculated to create demoralization. On the other hand, there must be, on a wide range of products, a disposition to defer purchases until the lower duties and lower prices take effect. Manufacturers, however, have generally one certainty before them—that duties *will be* reduced; and it is therefore to be expected that they will use every endeavor to anticipate the future conditions by producing at reduced costs and thereby encouraging consumption. The situation will have its encouragements as well as its discouragements. Consumers of imported raw materials will have the near prospects of getting them free of duty, and openings for extending our export trade may be expected to throw open to us important new markets for a wide range of manufactured products. Still, balancing in the most favorable sense the disappointments and apprehensions of one class with the hopeful expectations of another, and even conceding that the final outcome of the great change may prove as beneficial as its promoters predict, it is not to be concealed that the best we can reasonably expect, for the next eighteen months or two years, is unusual caution in every branch of business, the deferment of new enterprises, the cessation of extending industrial plant, a continuous pressure on prices and a hand-to-mouth condition of business. It is to be remembered, however, that these conditions will be mainly confined to the industrial portion of our population; the agricultural half in the meantime will reap the benefits of two successive years of great harvests and, it is to be inferred from their votes, will be exhilarated by the prospects of cheaper living and cheaper labor.

Under all the circumstances, while we see nothing in the new situation to encourage active buying of stock; neither, on the other hand, do we advise any haste to make sacrifices in realizing. The commercial conditions remain healthy; the railroads are doing a prosperous business; the foreign markets are still buying our securities; and the money market, though still active, affords all required facilities for carrying stocks. It will be prudent, however, to keep near the shore and watch the temper of the market under the new conditions.

HENRY CLEWS.

THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

The electoral vote stands as follows:

FOR GROVER CLEVELAND.

Alabama	11
Arkansas	8
Connecticut	6
Delaware	3
Florida	4
Georgia	13
Illinois	24
Indiana	15
Kentucky	13
Louisiana	8
Maryland	8
Michigan	5
Mississippi	9
Missouri	17
New Jersey	10
New York	36
North Carolina	11
Ohio	1
South Carolina	9
Tennessee	12
Texas	15
Virginia	12
West Virginia	6
Wisconsin	12
Total	268

FOR BENJAMIN HARRISON.

California	9
Iowa	13
Maine	6
Massachusetts	15
Michigan	9
Minnesota	9
Montana	3
Nebraska	8
New Hampshire	4
Ohio	22
Oregon	3
Pennsylvania	32
Rhode Island	4
South Dakota	4
Vermont	4
Washington	4
Wyoming	3
Total	152

FOR JAMES B. WEAVER.

Colorado	4
Idaho	3
Kansas	10
Nevada	3
North Dakota	3
Oregon	1
Total	24

The Populists will have a majority in the Kansas Legislature. This insures the choice of a Populist Senator to succeed Bishop W. Perkins. According to the latest advices the next Senate will stand

Democrats	43
Republicans	40
Populists	5

The House will stand:

Democrats	219
Republicans	125
Populists	11

The Territorial representation in the House will be 3 Democrats and 1 Republican. Thus after the 4th of March, 1893, Democracy will be in full conerol.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14, '92

Explanations cannot explain away defeat. Let republicans take their cue from level headed Benjamin Harrison, who, notwithstanding publications to the contrary, your correspondent knows to an absolute certainty has made no attempt at public explanation of his unexpected defeat; it is enough for him to know, and it should be enough for the rank and file of the party, that the majority of the votes of his fellow citizens have been cast against the principles defended by the republican party, and that it was done after careful deliberation on the part of those voters and after the wide awake republican press aided by the National committee has presented the questions at issue in a manner that should have made them plain as day to every man of ordinary intelligence. The proper policy now is to wait. Just as certain as the sun shines time will vindicate the position of the republican party of every question that was a factor in the late campaign. Just give the victorious democrats plenty of rope and they will have tied themselves hand and foot long before 1896.

The question to be considered now is not the future of the republican party—that will take care of itself—, but what the democratic party will do with the government, now that it has so unexpectedly, to itself as well as to the republicans, for the first time in thirty-two years secured control of the presidency and both branches of Congress. It rests with that party to say whether the country shall be thrown into an absolute panic or whether it shall merely be temorarily halted in its prosperous career. If the advice of the hot-headed in that party be taken and an extra session of the democratic Congress be called as soon as Mr. Cleveland is inaugurated, for the purpose of supplanting the present tariff laws with others without protective features, a panic will almost certainly follow. By waiting for the regular session of Congress to take up the tariff they will give those whose capital is invested in what are known as the "protected industries" an opportunity to prepare for the change by working up the material now on hand and withdrawing their capital, or by reducing the wages of their employees to a standard that will enable them to compete with foreign goods under a low tariff, and a panic will be avoided. But in either event it will be hard times and lower wages. Mark this prediction.

The real-estate speculators of Washington are rejoicing over Mr. Cleveland's election as they had good reason, in the shape of millions of dollars which he helped them to make, for doing. They expect that he will "buy" another suburban residence in the same way he did "Red top" which he afterwards sold for something like $125,000, after having lived there for several years, and that it will, as it did before, enable them to sell land too poor to grow broom straw, at fancy prices, for villa sites, to the snobs who are always ready to follow any fashion set by the President of the United States. They have not forgotten, either, that the two men who negotiated the deal by which Mr. Cleveland came into possession of "Red-top" received two of the best paying offices in the District of Columbia as a sort of reward for "selling" him the land.

A little incident occured in one of Washington's big dry good stores last Saturday which speaks for itself. A Maryland farmer had come into the city to buy winter clothing for his family, and after going from one counter to the other in the store pricing goods, he asked for the proprietor, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and after shaking hands the following conversation took place.

Farmer: "Your prices are just as high as they were this time a year ago on woolen goods, and a little higher on cotton goods."

Proprietor: "Yes, prices on all lines of goods have been practically at a standstill for a year until the election of Cleveland; since that we have been notified by the manufacturers of a small increase in the price of cotton goods, and warned that it would probably be followed by another very soon."

Farmer: "Then it looks like I have been buncoed by democratic speakers and newspapers. They told me so often that if Cleveland was elected I could buy the clothing used by my family at one half of what I have been paying for it, that myself and a number of republicans in my neighborhood voted and worked for the democratic ticket this year, and now I find the election of Cleveland given as a reason why I am required to pay an increase of one cent a yard for cotton goods."

IT BENEFITS EVEN THE UNDESERVING.

In 1880 the average wages earned by employes of manufacturing establishments in Savannah, Ga., were $396 a year.

In 1890, after ten years of Republican protection, this average had increased to $520 a year.

This increase of $124, or 31 per cent., was largely due to Republican protection.

And yet Savannah, in the face of these benefits, remains in the ranks of the free traders.

FRAUDULENT "SOUTHERN MAJORITIES."

Cleveland's majority in Virginia is estimated at 50,000, in Alabama at 46,000, in Georgia at 100,000. in Louisiana at 36,000, in Mississippi at 20,000, in North Carolina at 20,000, in South Carolina at 50,000, in Tennessee at 65,000, in Texas at 80,000. Pretty soon the democratic papers will begin to figure out the enormous "popular majority" for Cleveland, and the nine States mentioned will count for about half a million in the estimates.

They might just as well call it a million or a million and a half. If the election of President depended upon a popular majority, there is not one of those nine States but would return 200,000 majority, if that were considered advisable by the democratic managers. The way the votes are cast has absolutely nothing to do with the case.

Supppose the Republican Legislature of Ohio, at its last session, had passed a law giving the appointment of all the county officials to the Government and giving to these county officials the power to appoint all the election officers. Suppose it had enacted a law that no man could vote who had not paid his poll tax for three years back, and then suppose that the Republican collectors of taxes had shut up their offices to democrats and refused to receive the poll taxes of several thousands of them.

Suppose the ballot boxes in Ohio then had been placed in a darkened room, into whica no democrat was allowed admittance except to vote. Suppose the doors of this room had been locked after the poll had closed, and the inspectors, all Republicans, had made out their returns and then burnt the ballots. Suppose that in this way Ohio had been carried for Harrison by 100,000 majority, would the democrats have been pleased? Would they have submitted tamely? Would not all the democratic papers in the country have been filled with denunciations of the outrage?

This is exactly what the democrats have done in the Southern States. These are exactly the methods that have been used to procure Cleveland's half million "popular majority" in the Solid South. And yet, if Republicans say anything about these abominable and outrageous and revolutionary practices they are accused of "sectionalism" and of favoring "Negro domination" and of throttling "home rule."

The Republican party made a great mistake in the campaign just past in shirking discussion of the question of a free ballot and fair count. That is the corner stone of its political fortunes; but in this campaign the builders rejected it.

After the people of the North have had a taste for a while of Ku Klux methods appled in their own States they will awake once more to the fundamental and altogether overshadowing importance of the great issue which, in this campaign, was sent to the rear.

WORKINGMEN ENLIGHTENED.

Our opponents claim that they have enlightened the workingmen. They certainly will be enlightened if the victors in the recent election get control, not only of the executive, but also of the legislative part of our government, thus giving them complete power to carry out their schemes.

Then the results of the prognostications lately heard will be apparent. Then the workingman will see for himself whether the principles of free traders and wildcat bank people are worth as much in cold cash to him as are the great principles of protection and national money, upon which his prosperity and that of our country rest.

For a quarter of a century and more the Republicans have held sway over one, if not all, departments of the government. During this time we have heard a great deal of what ought to be torn down in the Republican policy and legislation, but very little of what its adversaries would build up.

Our opponents have not controlled the executive and legislative branches of the government since 1860. The end of democratic control was marked by a bloody revolution. What will mark its incoming again? A revolution, bloodless indeed, but motived by the knowledge soon to be gained that the democratic party has neither the capacity to define a policy acceptable to the people nor the ability to carry one out.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Plaids Plain Material: Corded Silks Furs: Notes And Answers.

The ascendancy of plaids becomes greater as the season advances, not only in regard to ordinary wool fabrics, but very handsome velvets or silks show such bright colors and large squares as to be absolutely startling. Plaids of all kinds are now more generally used straight than bias. the Scotch plaids however are the least popular, except for children's wear or hosiery, in which all the Clan plaids are fully represented. The *furore* for velvet, particularly green or crimson increases, and three fabrics in one costume is by no means unusual, Plain materials, although overshadowed by the great partiality for fancy weaves, are often indispensible, as for example, a skirt may be of rough goods, the waist plain cloth trimmed with folds and velvet sleeves to match.

PLAIN COLORS,

repped or corded silks are more stylish than ever, combined, in various ways with plain velvet, striped or brocaded silk; as sleeves or parts of sleeves, belts, corselets, yolks, brettelles or very small caps. The tendency in brocaded silks is towards very large or small single flowers with one or more leaf sprays, and palm leaves varying in size from one to eight inches are among striking novelties. The revival of black silk as a material for out-door garments is a new departure—something that has not been seen in many years.

IT IS NOW A CONCEDED FACT

that America furnishes to the world a larger proportion of furs than any other country, and while England excels in seal dyeing, American—dyed other is recognized as superior to any other. Furs are now worn as much for ornament as for warmth, consequently they were never so fashionable as they will be during the coming season. The most elegant fur garments are of mink or seal, which retain all the *prestige* of last season; Persian lamb however is still the resource of those who cannot afford the two former. Fitted capes are shown and worn by those who have them, but the latest styles are loose at back and front with Medici or rolling collars.

"REEFERS"

are just as fashianable as ever, ranging from twenty-eight to thirty-four inches in length; plain throughout or trimmed with Persian lamb, mink, Alaska sable or Russian sable. Long coats may or may not have the Watteau plait or belted back the most popular shapes however are only slightly fitted or entirely loose. Military capes are very handsome and in great variety; some falling a few inches below the waist and others so large as almost to envelope the figure. Muffs for ordinary use are larger than those of last season, but fancy muffs are quite small, opening out flat, lined with quilted silk and closed at the top by a hook and eye, usually a small animal head below. The demand for small neck boas with head, teeth and claws in perfect representation of the animal, introduced by Mr. C. C. Shayne of West Forty-Second Street, the leading American furriers, is enormous and constantly increasing, as they have proved superior to anything that has ever preceded them. The most fashionable trimmings are of Russian sable, Alaska sable mink or mink tail, wolverine, material beaver, natural offer or dyed offer; and one inch, one and a half or two inches are the prescribed widths.

NOTES AND ANSWERS

"Ella W." A suitable Christmas present for a gentleman is a *mouchair* case, a half-dozen silk handkerchiefs or if a smoker, a silver pocket match box.

"Mrs. M." Your physician's "silver wedding" certainly merits recognition, and an umbrella with a sterling silver handle, is handsome and useful.

VERONA CLARKE.

THREE PREDICTIONS.

Henry Watterson, at the great Kentucky democratic celebration at Louisville last Friday night, said Cleveland's election "sounds the death knell of the protective system." Democratic newspapers print interviews with manufacturers who say that free trade or tariff reduction will not do them harm. That they will simply reduce the wages of their workingmen and thus reduce the cost of their product as nearly as possible to the level of the imported article. It is not too early to make three predictions:

First—That wages in this country are now at the highest point, so far as the masses of the workingmen are concerned, that they will attain in many years. *They are at high water mark now!*

Second—That the moment the tariff duties are removed or reduced, that moment reductions in wages in all the lines of industry in this country will be made by force of circumstances. Neither the trades unions nor the manufacturers can stop it. *The prices of the foreign goods made by cheap labor must either be met by a reduction of the wages in this country or American factories must shut down!*

Third—When the attack on the tariff by the democratic party begins at Washington, the wage-earners must make their own fight in Congress against it. The manufactures made the fight for their employes last time and won. The manufactures have been told that they were "bloated aristocrats," "monopolists" and "robber barons." The workingmen, we regret to say, have believed these stories. *In the coming struggle for existence the American wage earner will have to fight his own battle for protection.*

We hope he will win it, but fear he will not.

Some Effects of the Election.

The Lancashire manufacturer who has made arrangements to ship a cargo of goods to this country at once, in the expectation that the duties will have been repealed by the time the goods get here, is a little previous," but his action indicates the effect of the election in Great Britain. Another indication is the general resumption of work at the tin plate mills in Wales that had been closed up. Evidently Mr. Cleveland's success has had a stimiulating effect in Great Britain. In this country the effects thus far reported are quite different. The telegraph brings us these facts:

A general reduction of the force at the Phoenix iron Works, near Philadelphia, goes into effect to-day.

The Illinois Iron and Bolt Company, at Carpentersville, Ill., which has been orenning additions to its works with the intenion of increasing its output and its force of workingmen by 50 per cent., has suspended further operations.

Mr. C. W. Howard, of Neenah, Wis., who had expected to build n new paper mill, has given up the idea.

Two mills in Cohoes, N. Y., that have been making knit goods have suspended work.

In Boston stocks of manufacturing concerns show a depreciation in the market averaging nearly 4 per cent already.

In Fostoria, Ohio, the Shade and Lamp Company have put their men on half time, and the Consolidated Window Glass Company has announced that hereafter work will be confined entirely, to the filling of orders.

E. D. Jones & Co., of Pittsburg, Pa., have had an order canceled for paper mill plant worth $400,000.

Even before the new democratic administration assumes control of the government, thousands of men will have been thrown out of employment by the disturbance and distrust caused in business circles by the democratic victory.

IT IS A NO. 1.

Harry M. Markham's Co. opened at the Elysian theatre last night with a good house and the spendid Co., rendered "A Wasted Life" with such good effect that the audience pronounced it superior to the higher priced shows. They were heartily encored and Mr. Markham at the close of the second act was called before the curtain the second time, thus leaving no doubt that the audience was well pleased with the acting and support.—Liverpool, Ohio, *Daily*.

The above Co., will open to a week's engagement at the Bellefonte Opera house Monday night, Nov. 21st, in "A Hero in Rags, or A Brothers Crime." Change of bill nightly. Seats now on sale at usual place; also ladies exchange tickets.

—Last Saturday afternoon Lawrence Garis, a son of William Garis, of Bellefonte started to take a job that had been offered him in a neighboring city. He took the freight for Lock Haven. On reaching there the train did not stop at the station but took beyond about a mile. Young Garis started to walk back and when on a trestle bridge heard a train coming and to save himself got through the bridge to hang on the timber and says the train passing over him shook his hold loose and he fell about twenty five feet. Strange to say no bones were broken although he was badly hurt. The accident occurred about ten o'clock at night. When he was found he was taken to a hotel at Lock Haven and word sent to his father.

—On Friday evening, Nov. 16, the Y. M. C. A., of Bellefonte, will give an entertainment in the Court House. H. M. Hinkley, of Danville, Pa., will address the meeting. He is said to be a brilliant speaker and to hear him will be a rare treat. There will also be music and fine music. A chorus of 40 voices and Myer's entire orchestra will be there. This is an entertainment none should miss. Admission free. This last condition will just fit the pocket book of every person.

CORA, the OCTAROON

[Continue

"I appeal to you, then, in the presence of your sister and your cousin, and in that of Mrs. Montresor, whose sentiments, I know, are opposed to the cruel system of barter, which has in my case deprived a father of his beloved and only daughter—I appeal to every better feeling of your nature, and I ask if my child Cora is to suffer for one hour for the infamy of that man, Silas Craig? Restore her to freedom, before I institute proceedings to invalidate the illegal sale of my property, which was seized upon for a debt I never owed."

Augustus Horton laughed bitterly.

"All this is very fine," he said; "but as Miss Cora Leslie has chosen to run away from her rightful owner, it is not in my power to give her up—even if I wished it!"

"Would you restore her to me if she were found?" asked Gerald Leslie.

"No."

"You would not? Remember, we are rich, and I would give you back your fifty thousand dollars, or double the sum if you pleased."

"Curse the paltry dollars!" cried Augustus. "It was revenge I wanted to buy with my money; revenge for the insult your slave-daughter dared to inflict upon me. And I am to be balked of that revenge to the very last? No, I repeat, that were Cora recaptured tonight, I would not give her up."

"You would not?"

"I would not; and what is more I could not, for she is no longer mine."

"No longer yours!"

"No; I have given her away."

"Given her away!"

"Yes, to my sister Adelaide, yonder, who has good reason to hate her, and who will make her feel what it is to be a slave. Trust a woman for that! With me she would have lived the wife of a duchess: as my sister's property she will be a lady's-maid—a drudge. Heaven knows how low she may sink. It may please her mistress to send your brilliant and accomplished daughter to the kitchen to wait upon the cook."

Gerald Leslie writhed at this insulting speech.

"Miss Horton," he exclaimed, "surely, surely your woman's nature revolts at such words as these. Why do you not speak? You were once my daughter's friend; for pity's sake remember that!"

During the whole of this dialogue, Adelaide Horton had sat perfectly still, her head bent over her work, as if she heard nothing of what was going forward; but a close observer might have perceived that her bosom heaved with suppressed emotion, and that her small hands trembled as she endeavored to continue her work.

This had not been lost on Mortimer Percy, who had been for some time intently watching his cousin.

Suddenly she raised her head, in order to reply to Gerald Leslie.

"I can only answer you in the words of my brother, Mr. Leslie," she said; "I cannot restore Cora Leslie to you even if I would, for she is no longer mine. I, too, have given her away."

Augustus started at these words.

"You, Adelaide!" he exclaimed.

"Yes! You gave her to me for a lady's-maid. I had been long seeking for an opportuity of repairing the injury which I did her upon that fatal day when I allowed a school girl's folly to get the better of my reason. I have given her to her husband, Gilbert Margrave!"

She rose as she said this and opened the door of an adjoining apartment, and beckoned to some one within.

Gilbert Margrave and Cora Leslie entered the room.

"My brother did not think of searching his own house for the runaway slave," said Adelaide, smiling. "The abduction of last night was planned by Mr. Margrave and myself, and it was agreed that he should bring her here as the last place in which her pursuers would be likely to seek her."

Mortimer Percy started from his chair, and, crossing the room, clasped his cousin in her arms.

"Did you indeed do this, Adelaide?" he exclaimed; "did you indeed? And will you forgive me for my conduct? Heaven knows what pain it has given me, for I have always loved you dearly."

"I deserve all I have suffered, Mortimer," replied Adelaide, disengaging herself from her cousin's enthusiastic embrace; "but I have done all in my power to repair the error of a moment. Cora is free; free to sail for England with her betrothed husband."

"Dear, generous girl," murmured the Octoroon, taking Adelaide's hand in hers; "far away, in that free and happy country, I shall remember your noble conduct."

"And you shall see us in England before long, my dear Miss Leslie," said Mortimer, "if my cousin will allow her most penitent swain to conduct her on a bridal tour through Europe. Mr. Leslie, you, I suppose, will accompany your daughter to England."

"I shall," replied Gerald; "thanks to the providential return of my dear friend and partner here, I shall be rich enough to establish myself on British ground, leaving to him the cares of the plantation."

"Which will be heavy enough to keep him out of gambling-houses," said Philip Treverton, with a smile.

Augustus Horton felt that his defeat and humiliation were complete.

He had no alternative but to put the best possible face upon the matter, and he was wise enough to accept this alternative with a tolerable grace.

"Mr. Margrave," he said, "let all ill be forgotten between us. Miss Leslie will tell you that all is fair in love as in war. We have played a desperate game for the sake of yonder lady's smiles, and I have lost. So be it. I can but submit to my defeat, and congratulate you on your superior fortune. There is my hand."

Gilbert and Augustus shook hands. Both men felt the hollowness of the ceremonial.

Gerald Leslie's carriage, with Toby as the driver, was in waiting to convey the happy trio to Lake Pontchartrain; and in three days they were to leave Louisiana in an English steamer.

Philip Treverton asked permission to accompany his old partner to the pavilion. Mortimer Percy remained with his cousin Adelaide.

Two days after this happy evening, Mortimer led his fair bride to the altar.

The ceremonial took place thus hurriedly in order that Cora—the Octoroon, the once despised slave—might officiate as bridemaid at her old schoolfellow's wedding.

The bride was given away by her brother Augustus, and Gilbert Margrave acted as "best man" to the bridegroom.

On the day following, Gilbert, Cora, [illegible] sailed for New Orleans.

The marriage ceremony was performed with great splendor, and a sumptuous banquet was given by Augustus Horton to the most distinguished inhabitants of New Orleans.

It had been intended that Cora Leslie should appear at this banquet; and there was considerable curiosity felt upon the subject by the guests who knew the leading particulars of her story, and who were anxious to see the heroine of such romantic adventures.

They were disappointed, however, for, just as the bride was taking her place at the table, the Quadroon slave, Myra, slipped a note into her hand.

It was from Cora and ran thus:—

"DEAREST ADELAIDE,—Forgive me if I have disobeyed you in withdrawing from your brilliant assembly. All your visitors are not as generous as yourself; and there may be many amongst your guests whose prejudices would be outraged by the presence of a daughter of the despised race. I have a sacred duty to perform before leaving Louisiana; and I go with Gilbert to fulfill it during the hours of your festivity.

"Ever and ever your affectionate

"CORA."

The reader may, perhaps, guess the duty which called Cora Leslie from that festive party.

Deep in the bosom of that wood at Iberville, in which Gilbert Margrave and Augustus Horton had met some months before, Cora knelt with her lover beside the wooden cross, which alone marked the spot where the martyred Francilia lay.

* * * * * * *

Early next day a happy group stood upon the deck of a large steamer, which was speeding away from New Orleans.

Cora Leslie stood with her arm linked in that of her father, and with her betrothed husband at her side.

A little way behind them, laden with shawls, parasols, and books, and proud to be of service to his young mistress, stood Toby, the mulatto; no longer a slave, but a happy attendant on those he loved.

A few weeks after this another vessel steamed out of New Orleans harbor, bearing some one who have been familiar to us; but this steamer was bound for the sunny shores of France.

Paul Crivilli and his cousin Camillia decided on leaving New Orleans until the Spanish girl had recovered from the shock of her father's death. They had consented therefore to accompany Armand Tremlay and Pauline, who, after considerable persuasion, had been induced to become the wife of her old lover without further delay.

Silas Craig left New Orleans in the dead of the night. None knew whither he went, and few cared to discover. He had so contrived as to convey away the whole of his wealth, and if the possession of gold, each coin of which is branded with meanness and dishonor, can bring happiness, the usurer may be a happy man. But let him not hug himself in the security of his hiding-place, the bloodhounds of the law are on his track. His departure revealed the secrets of his past life. The gambling house in Columbia Street, and all the nefarious practices which had been permitted in that haunt of vice, were brought to the light of day. A warrant was issued for the lawyer's apprehension, and his pursuers do not yet despair of dragging him to justice.

Heaven help him, should he ever be so rash as to return to New Orleans! Once in the hands of his infuriated fellow-citizens, Silas Craig would have to endure the horrors of Lynch law.

Cora is a happy wife in our own dear native land—happy in the society of the father she loves, secure in the devotion of her proud English husband.

Camillia and Paul are the stars of a Parisian circle. Rich, accomplished, and handsome, the young Spaniard and his wife are admired and caressed by all who know them, but they have no friends whom they regard with the same affection as Armand and Pauline Tremlay.

THE END.

A MEXICAN'S PHENOMENAL LUCK.

Gen. Taylor's Story of a Man Who Won $36,656 on the "Double O."

The closing of the gambling houses was being discussed and the conversation recalled to Gen. Taylor the days of the Mexican war. "Let me see," said the general, as he stroked his beard. "Let me see. It has been forty-four years since I saw a game of roulette that I considered a game. It was in the City of Mexico. The gambling houses of Mexico were run like national banks, and must have a certain cash capital, sufficient to pay all bets in case of a run on the bank, and though the bank was sometimes broken the winners always got their money. I remember dropping in at one of the roulette games and watching the play for a time. You understand in roulette the bank pays thirty-five for one on single numbers. A half-drunken army officer staggered into the room, elbowed his way through the crowd around the wheel, and placed a dollar on the 'double O.' Perhaps every one doesn't know what the 'double O' is. There are thirty-six numbers, and a 'single' and 'double O.' Any one of these pays thirty-five for one. In addition to this there are any number of different ways bets can be made, the most simple and commonly played being the red or black, and odd or even. These pay even money. In the event the 'single' or 'double O' comes out the house wins all the other bets.

"Well, as I was saying, this half-drunken army officer placed a dollar on the 'double O.' The marble spun around in the wheel and fell in the 'double O' stall. He had won. The house handed him $35. The Mexican allowed the $36 to remain on the same bet. Again he won, and $1,296 was piled up before him. For the third time the wheel was rolled, and the money was placed on the same spot. Every one else who had been playing stopped and watched the rolling marble. Even the banker became a trifle nervous. The momentum of the marble became less and less, and for the third time fell into the 'double O' stall. This made the biggest winning ever known at the Mexican capital. In all, $36,656 was paid over. It took all the money the bank had, and the game was closed until the morrow. What became of the Mexican and his winnings I never heard. I never heard of a roulette game in this country that had no limit, but in Mexico, at that time, a man could bet what he pleased."
—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

FOR LOVE'S SWEET SAKE.

A wild, wild night, the wind blowing a hurricane, the sea rising in its fury below the cliffs, and Diane Leigh, with her face pressed close against the window-pane, shuddered as the thunder rent the air and the lightning's vivid flash showed the white-capped waves lapping the top of the rocks in their wrath.

"I cannot stay here," she cried at last. "I must go down to the beach. I may be no help, but I can be no hinderance."

She lifted a heavy scarf as she spoke, but, as she wrapped it around her, another flash of lightning illumined the heavens, and she saw her father and brother coming toward the cottage, bearing the senseless form of a man between them.

"It is one of the visitors that was at the hall last year, Diane, and most likely this year, too," her brother said; "the one Miss Vernon is to marry—Ralston St. Clair. Another row-boat went to pieces on the rocks—one man rescued out of that party as well, and they are bringing him here, I think. It is the nearest place."

At a distance Diane Leigh had seen Ralston St. Clair before, without more than a passing thought; but as she glanced at his Greek-god face, pallid now in what might be death, a strange thrill passed through her heart—a forerunner, perhaps, of the love that was to be her doom—a foreshadowing of the bitter pain fate doomed that love to be to her.

Three hours later, Ralston's handsome eyes opened to rest on—to him at least—the loveliest face earth ever held—a proud, dark face, with slumberous eyes of deepest brown; a low, broad brow; over which the nut-brown hair clustered in tiny rings; a skin like olive satin, with a pomegranate bloom on the rounded cheeks and curving lips.

"Am I dreaming?" he murmured, closing his eyes again; then, after a moment's silence; "I remember now," he said. "The yacht struck on the cliffs, the storm overwhelmed us so suddenly. My God! it was terrible! Are—are the others——"

"Hush!" Diane said. "Thank God you are saved yourself. They—they are at rest."

Yes, his life was saved, his and the stranger's, over whom her father and brother were still bending.

The next day the stranger had fully recovered; but Ralston had been dashed on the rocks, and almost two weeks elapsed before he was out of danger.

The stranger, Frank Denver, had taken up his abode at the cottage.

"I am only a wanderer," he said, "and I am willing to pay my way. I like this place. Let me stay till the roving notion comes on me again."

And to this James Leigh had agreed.

Two weeks is not very long, but it was long enough for Diane Leigh's passionate young heart to learn the bitter-sweet lesson of love—love for Ralston St. Clair, the promised husband of Elaine Vernon.

How the truth of her own madness and folly came to her Diane could never tell; only the words of Elizabeth Barret Browning's poem seemed to ring in her ears:

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth, and breadth, and height
My soul can reach.
I love thee freely as men strive for right,
I love thee purely as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the breath, smiles, tears
Of all my life, and if—God choose—I shall
But love thee better after death."

The day of his departure drew near, and a few days before it Elaine Vernon came down to the cottage.

Ralston was out of danger, though his arm was still in a sling, his handsome face still wearing the pallor of his illness.

He and Diane were down on the beach when Elaine came toward them.

She was a beauty, this Elaine Vernon, a dainty, blue-eyed girl, with eyes of cerulean blue, hair of the palest baby-gold, and skin of ivory fairness.

"Do you ever intend to come back to us, Ralston?" she laughed, "or is convalescing here so pleasant"—laying her hand lightly on his arm, the cerulean eyes turning toward Diane as she spoke.

At the same moment Diane and Ralston's eyes met, and Diane's drooped suddenly. Ah, heaven! was she mad, or dreaming, or what had she read in the fateful moment when hearts had spoken to heart, breaking down all barriers.

While Elaine stood there, the half-mocking light in her eyes, the half-mocking smile on her lips, Frank Denver turned the cliff, then stopped short, his handsome eyes fixed on Elaine's fair face.

All the color had faded from his own, and the look on it was not good to see.

"Found! found!" he murmured, "I knew I would find you, you yellow-haired traitress, and my time has come."

He did not go toward them, but stood watching Elaine, who laughed and talked, utterly unconscious of the dark, passionate eyes watching her so intently.

That evening Diane and Ralston were down on the beach together.

Few words had passed between them since that fateful glance, when heart spoke to heart, and soul to soul.

Ralston broke the silence.

"I asked you to come down, Diane," he said. "I have a story to tell you, and a question to ask.

"Years ago, Diane, there were two friends, bosom friends; one had a daughter, the other a son, who grew up to girlhood and manhood as intimate friends. The father of the girl was supposed to be wealthy; he was the owner apparently, of a stately home, and lived luxuriously, but the fact was, all his property was heavily mortgaged to the father of the young man.

"The young man's father died, and by the terms of his father's will, he was compelled to make the girl his wife, or lose the wealth his father died possessed of. The terms of the will were; '"I give and bequeath all I die possessed of to my son, on condition he makes the daughter of Clark Vernon his wife. If he refuses to comply with these terms I leave him $5: the remainder of all my possessions to be divided among my nearest of kin.'

"Diane, the young man was heart-free at the time, and the girl was fair as a poet's dream. If he refused to comply with the terms of the will he not only beggared himself, but her, and so, without much serious thought, he asked her to be his wife."

He paused a moment.

"Diane," he said slowly, "after that, he met another, and learned what love meant. For love of another woman he was willing to forfeit all. Diane, what should he do, as an honorable man?"

A long, long silence—a silence in which the girl's face grew pallid, the lovely eyes darker with pain, while the man watched her, hoping against hope. What was all earth to him in comparison to this dark-eyed girl?

"What should he do?" she said slowly, "what could he do but keep his troth to his promised wife?"

He knew it would be her answer, and yet—his passion conquered him.

"I cannot do it, Diane!" he cried. "Oh, my love, my beautiful love, I cannot give you up!"

"You cannot give up what you never possessed," she said, with a faint smile; "and, Ralston, your honor is dearer to you than all else on earth, as it is to me; and—and we must part. Our paths lie far asunder."

Her voice was low and faint, but clear, and he knew she meant it.

Their paths lay far apart.

Without a word he drew her toward him and pressed his lips to hers in one long, passionate caress, and she did not say him nay.

"As we kiss the dead, Diane," he said. And then: "Good-by, sweetheart, good-by!"

And Diane Leigh was alone on the beach, the murmuring waters at her feet seemed to repeat the bitter—bitter-sweet farewell:

"Good-by, sweet-heart, good-by."

Three weeks later she stood at the death-bed of the man whom all her life she had believed her father, and there heard a tale that blanched her beautiful face with the temptation it offered her.

Out under the starlight she fought again the battle with her heart.

The temptation before her was bitterly strong.

She could go to the man she loved and tell him all. He would not lose his birth-right, and she—ah, could she give him up—could she throw wealth and love away together for the sake of Ralston St. Clair's honor?

"Your honor is dearer to me than life," she had said to him. Come weal or woe Elaine Vernon should be his wife.

"For love's sweet sake I will be silent," she cried; "my hand will never hold the tantalus cup to my darling's lips. I will drain it myself in silence."

And so the story told her on James Leigh's death-bed was the secret of her own heart.

So Elaine Vernon's wedding-day drew near, and Diane's beautiful face grew strangely pale, her proud, dark eyes heavy with unshed tears.

"I cannot bear it," she cried, standing on the lonely beach, and stretching out her hands to the blue waters meeting the horizon. "Oh, my love, my love, how, having known you, can life ever be the same to me again and you and I apart?"

The wedding day dawned clear and bright, but standing at the window of her dressing-room, a faint presentiment of coming evil fell over Elaine Vernon.

She pushed back the soft gold waves of her hair that fell around her, and turning from the window walked slowly up and down the room.

"What has come over me?" she murmured; "is there any harm in taking the goods the gods send me? I was only a child then, and—ah, heaven, I must have been mad—and yet I loved him."

"Inconsistence, thy name is woman!" for as the words left her lips Elaine Vernon sunk down, on her knees, her slender form shaken with sobs, the memory of a dream long dead and gone conquering her for the moment.

"Why not welcome the goods the gods send me?" she repeated. "Had he lived I would have gone back to him, for I loved him; but when this temptation came, I thought it best to let the dead past bury its dead and be silent."

Three hours later she stood before the altar to pledge her faith to Ralston St. Clair—Ralston St. Clair, whose strange pallor could not pass unnoticed, and more than one present remarked it, and yet she was fair as a poet's dream, this girl he was to wed, in her robes of shimmering satin, the costly veil shading the pearl-fair face, cerulean eyes, and glistening hair.

"You take this man to be your wedded husband——"

Slowly and impressively the solemn words rose and fell, and then:

"The lady can scarcely do that, as I claim that relationship to her already."

And Frank Denver stepped to the girl's side, his eyes resting full on her face, compelling her to meet their glance.

One glance. It was enough. She stretched out her hands with a low cry

"Frank, oh, Frank, I believed you dead!"

And then she lay white and senseless at his feet.

Two hours later Ralston St. Clair stood at Diane Leigh's side, holding her hands in his and looking with passionate, loving eyes down on her lovely face.

"Love, sweet love," he said, "fate has been kind to me, for it has given me you, if I lose all else, for I certainly cannot marry Elaine Vernon, for she is the wife of another."

Then Diane raised her lovely eyes.

"You can marry Clark Vernon's daughter even yet," she said, "and fulfill the terms of the will. Listen till I tell you a story James Leigh told me on his death-bed.

"Three years before Clark Vernon married Elaine's mother he married another, a dark-eyed girl, whose station in life was lower than his own. He made her his wife, however—his lawful wife—and then took her abroad, and there a child was born to them, and six months later the young wife died.

"The marriage was a secret one, and Clark Vernon gave the child to James Leigh to keep for him, and to keep the secret of its birth as well, for which he paid him well. I am that child, Ralston, and the proofs of my mother's marriage and my own birth are in my possession."

Clark Vernon could not deny Diane's claim.

"I want no love from you," she said, coldly, "only justice and the name I have been deprived of all my life."

"I cannot deny your claim," Clark Vernon said; "I am not sorry the truth has come out, though I was too cowardly to acknowledge it myself. You are my daughter, Diane—your mother was my wife."

Down on the beach the same evening, Ralston drew Diane within his arm.

"Why did you not claim your birthright before?" he said. "Why were you silent so long, sweetheart?"

"For love's sweet sake," she whispered low.

"And you have spoken now?" he said, with a smile, as he drew her closer to him.

"For love's sweet sake," she answered.—*Family Story Paper.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

THEY WERE QUIETLY WEDDED.

When Ethelbert and Angeline in matrimony paired,
'"Twas a very quiet wedding," so the papers all declared;
But their subsequent divorce suit made such loud and awful sound
That it roused up all the neigaborhood for sixty miles around.
—Indianapolis Journal.

The old maid is always ready for the question.—*Aurora Post.*

The "Hammock Song" is the latest. It's bound to be popular. It has such a swing to it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The man who "has the pull" at a picnic is generally the thoughtful chap who has brought a flask.—*Boston Bulletin.*

The bad boy who goes fishing on a Sunday catches more than the good little boy who chooses another day.—*Davenport Democrat.*

"I wonder how Cholly and Miss Budd came to be so well acquainted?" "Why, I believe they both go to the same tailor."—*N. Y. Herald.*

Bootblack—"Shine, sir?" Gentleman (impatiently)—"Cannot you see that my boots are blacked?" Bootblack—"Y-e-s, but it's bad job. Guess you did it y'rself."—*Good News.*

"Miss Budd's heart is like a volume in a circulating library." "How is that?" "Not to be kept longer than two weeks."—*Harper's Bazar.*

It makes no difference how ambitious a man may be to excel; at this season he can endure being "thrown into the shade."—*Boston Courier.*

It often happens that a fellow who "won't go home till morning" can't go home then until somebody pays a fine for him.—*Binghamton Republican.*

To show that the flannel shirt is respected it is only necessary to remark that it is handed down from sire to son after it is washed.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Considering the troubles over labor in all parts of the country, maybe the tramp is instinctively wise in having nothing to do with it.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Marian—"Which would you rather be—independently rich or happily married?" Lillian—"Independently rich, for then I should get happily married."—*N. Y. Press.*

Fangle—O, there are no masters of the art of writing fiction nowadays." Cumso—"You are not reading this year's circus posters evidently."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Miss Scadds—"Do you think Mr. Callow is a good conversationalist?" Miss Munn—"Oh, yes! Why, the dear fellow can say 'Weally now' with fifty-two different inflections."—*Puck.*

She—"If you love me as you say you do you would not hesitate to ask papa." He—"Darling, that is my very reason. You are not the beneficiary under my present insurance policy."—*N. Y. Herald.*

Employer—"What do you do with your Saturday half-holiday?" Clerk—"O, I have a good time thinking where I would go and what fun I would have if it were a whole holiday."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Mrs. Gadder—"Have you seen Mrs. Hemphill since her husband eloped with the cook!" Mrs. De Gush—"Yes, she doesn't care; she was going to give the cook notice anyway."—*Brooklyn Life.*

She (to Cousin George, who has just returned from the tropics)—"O George, dear, how kind of you to bring me this dear little monkey! How thoughtful you are! But—but it is just like you!"—*Funny Folks.*

"It seems to me that young Tony Knob in the drawing room is a long time saying 'Good night.' The cable cars have already stopped." "He can't go, pa. Sister's sitting on him."—*Kansas City Journal.*

"No," said Miss Ferula, "I'm not much of a speller myself, I must admit; but then, you know, I've been a teacher nearly all my life, and I've never had any time to teach myself."—*Boston Transcript.*

Mrs. Slimson—"May Clara is an awfully delicate girl; she can't stand anything." Mrs. Von Blumer—"Neither can my Maude. She put on a sailor hat the other day, and it made her sea sick."—*Cloak Review.*

Bad Luck—"I'm the most unfortunate man in the world," said Binks. "Why, I found five theater tickets in the street this morning and every one of 'em was for last night's performance."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"I don't see what attraction the girls can find about young Sapley. Why, his mind is positively feeble." "Yes; but as he hasn't any occasion to use it they probably have never found it out."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"How many hours a day do you work?" asked one of the relatives of a government appointee. "Houahs!" the young man echoed in dismay. "Gweat Heavens, man, do you thing I dwive a stweet-car?"—*Washington Star.*

She—"I knew her intimately for several years and saw her in every condition of life. She was delightful—absolutely without peculiarities." Another She—"Is it possible? What a peculiar person she must be!"—*Judge.*

"Don't yez be toired av that policeman yet?" said the up-stairs girl to the cook. "Yis. But I can't have any other company." "Why?" "Because Michael says that if oi do he'll arrest 'im for contimpt of court.—*Washington Star.*

"Billings got his pension yet?" "I didn't know Billings was entitled to a pension." "He thinks he is, anyway. He claims to have contracted a chronic case of that tired feeling from reading war articles in the magazines."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"They have wonderfully fast workmen over in the states," said the returned English traveler. "I was talking one day, I remember, to two fellahs, when one of them jumped up and said he must go, as he had only five minutes left to make a street car."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Lena Lotus—"Why don't you marry? Aren't you old enough?" Rivers Ide—"Oh, yes." Lena Lotus—"Or rich enough? Rivers Ide—"I think so." Lena Lotus—"Well, then?" Rivers Ide—"I am not foolish enough." Lena Lotus—"Oh, my! How foolish do you want to be?"—*Puck.*

"Put on some more clothes, Mandy," shrieked the elderly aunt at the watering place, "folks will see you," she added, horror struck. "Aunt Julia," replied Amanda, as she went out among the waves with all the trustful innocence of a Texas statesman, "what are we here for?"—*Texas Siftings.*

The cremation of the remains of Morris Allen Collins by the Whitechapel club in Chicago, says Joe Howard in the N. Y. *Recorder*, brought to the public attention some of the most extraordinary bosh in the way of prose addresses and rot in the way of poetic tribute this world has ever seen.

Salesgirl—"I wish to resign my place. I'm going to be married to Mr. Clipper of the ribbon counter." Manager—"My dear child, that is no reason for stopping work. Keep your place." Salesgirl (a close observer)—"It won't do. I'm afraid if I dont knock off and do nothing, he will."—*Good News.*

Servant (delivering message)—"Mr. Triplett sends his compliments to Mr. Gazzam, with the request that he shoot his dog, which is a nuisance in the neighborhood." Gazzam—"Give Mr. Gazzam's compliments to Mr. Triplett, and ask him to kindly poison his daughter or burn up her piano."—*Harper's Bazar.*

SOME QUEER PRANKS OF CYCLONES.

Strike and Bound as They Pass Through the Air.

"Cyclones play some very strange pranks," said a gentleman who but recently was near enough to witness the destructive power of a funnel-shaped cloud. "I was out in Kansas a few weeks ago when a cyclone formed and swept over the town where I was stopping. The people saw the cloud for fully fifteen minutes before it commenced to move, and everybody reached a place of safety. I stood less than forty feet from the cloud when it rushed by. I tell you it was a grand sight and an experience I shall never forget. The cloud was funnel-shaped and appeared to be no larger than a camp kettle. It bounded up and down like a rubber ball, and when it struck the earth something had to move. In fact everything in its path did move. It would strike a house, tear it into a million pieces, and then bound up into the air without removing so much as a shingle from an adjoining building.

At one place it went through a large grove and snapped off large trees like dry twigs. In the path of the cloud there was one tree taller than all the rest. It stripped the limbs and leaves from that tree from the ground to the topmost branch, and yet the tree was not blown down. The cloud struck the stock-yards near a small town and snapped off the posts and fence-boards, but never budged the cattlechute, the weakest part of the structure.—Two hundred yards further it struck the ground near a large tree. Underneath this tree was a dog-cart and a mule. The tree was shattered into atoms and torn out by the roots, but the mule and dog-cart were not injured in the least.

The same cloud struck a herd of cattle and bunched them together and whirled and wriggled them around just like and with apparently as much ease as it would have a bunch of sticks. Out of a herd of sixty cattle only one was killed. Twenty feet farther the cloud picked up a barn and carried it two miles through the air. When the cloud passed me I lay flat on the ground and watched it closely. It went by with a rush and a roar similar to that created by a freight train in crossing a bridge. I could see all the clouds dart out and in like forked lightning and then whirl round and round with wonderful velocity. The electrical current was plainly visible in the cloud, especially when it struck some object. You may believe it or not, but it is a fact that less than forty feet from that cloud there was not enough wind to flutter a cloth. It was a grand sight and no mistake.

The people in the Western States have become so frightened over cyclones that in many towns men are employed to remain up all night and watch the clouds. Out at Augusta and Towanda, in Butler County, Kas., both of which have been torn all to pieces by cyclones this year, the city councils hire men to watch the clouds and in case danger appears the fire bells and the church bells are set to ringing and the people take to their cellars. The people in those towns live in constant fear and when a cloud approaches you can stand in the street and see the people hurrying to some cave or cellar."—*St. Joseph News.*

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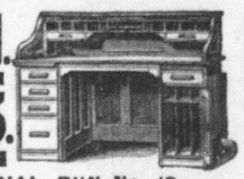
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A CURIOSITY IN DIVORCES.

A party of lawyers were discussing divorces, and one of them, an elderly gentleman with liberal gray whiskers, observed gayly: "I was recently instrumental in serving the bonds of a couple who, although they are now divorced, are to-day the best friends in the world. I was attorney for the lady, and contrary to the general rule in such cases, she could not say too many kind things of the husband she had discarded. They had simply agreed to disagree and live apart. The other day I received a card reading: 'Mr. and Mrs. B—— beg to announce that they are now happily separated, and will be pleased to receive their friends at their respective residences,' — giving the streets and numbers. There's a unique case for you."

The dolleries of this divorce business are infinite. What pretty little romances may be conjured up from the dainty word-pictures drawn by the calloused lawyer! For example:

I.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Fleightleigh had just been divorced. There had been no bitterness or acrimony about it. Mrs. Fleightleigh had brought the suit on the ground of desertion and the facility with which the greyhaired Judge had granted the decree was doubtless attributable in some measure to the appealing glances cast at him from the lady's blue eyes, that were as big and round and soft as a baby's. Mr. Fleightleigh had not contested the suit. He only appeared in the courtroom from curiosity and had maintained a discreet imperturbability of manner throughout the proceedings. He was fain to acknowledge that the briskness of the Court's method rather took his breath away. He had not been a free man three minutes, and yet the Judges, lawyers and spectators were deep in the mysteries of another case. He raised his eyebrows and smiled rather queerly as his ex-wife came toward the door of the courtroom, looking very sweet and fragile in her exquisite fawntinted Spring costume.

"I beg your pardon, Edith," he whispered, advancing to meet her. "It was awfully bad taste for me to come here. I know; but I could not help wishing to to see the manner in which this melancholy but of course entirely necessary business was transacted."

Mrs. Fleightleigh had drawn back a little at first; but recovered her equipoise like the well-bred woman she was. "You had a right to be here if you wished to, Archie," she replied, and they passed into the corridor side by side.

They walked slowly toward the elevator, the lady's attorney following a few yards behind, with a decidedly mystified expression upon his parchment-hued visage.

II.

The legally sundered pair reached the street and stood, awkwardly enough, upon the sidewalk, undecided what to do. The embarrassing silence was broken by Mr. Fleightleigh, who coughed once or twice and then said, rather shamefacedly.

"Edith, this our last day togeather, apparently. We are an ideal couple not to be at daggers' points at this moment. Let us make our final parting still more idealistic. Le me treat you to a little luncheou and we will try to make our separation as pleasant as possible."

The former Mrs. Fleightleigh blushed like a school-girl, "It's improper, I think," she replied, "but you know I could never refuse you anything when you asked for it in that tone, Archie."

So, despite the gloomy episode in the stuffy court-room above, and just as though no brooding phantom of discontent had ever fallen across their path, they strolled away, still side by side.

The lawyer, with a shrug of his shoulders, disappeared in the direction of his office.

III.

It might have been the soup that lent the glorious sparkle to Mrs. Fleightleigh's blue orbs and the shell-pink flush to her cheek, but it was a fact not to be doubted that she had never looked more audaciously pretty in her life. The ex-husband's flow of bright conversation, too, was unusual. But now and then Mrs. Fleightleigh caught him looking across the table, with its fair array of snowy damask and cut-glass, rather wistfully. Nor was it to be denied that the glorious blue orbs occasionly grew moist. But of course that was the high temperature of the room.

When the meal was finished, Mr. Fleightleigh leaned back in his chair and began to draw on his brick-dust kids—a present from his vis-a-vis the preceding Christmas, if he remembered correctly. "Well, sweetness," he remarked, languidly, "its good-bye now, I fancy."

The reply of "sweetness" was wholly irrelevant: "Archie," she said solemnly, "what a splended fellow you can be when you choose. If it hadn,t been for those nasty clubs and your fast friends we might have been——"

"Tush!" responded Archie, brutally, rising to his feet, "the clubs wouldn't have mattered if it hadn't been for your beastly temper."

Then they left. The deferential waiter, as he handed the lady her parasol, thought he heard a sound as of a sob being stifled in a delicate white throat. Or was it only one of the Government pigeons cooing on the windowsill outside?

IV.

The "final parting" took place on Michigan avenue, up which thoroughfare they had idly strolled with no particular object in view. Suddenly Archie pulled up. "I suppose," he stammered, "I might as well go now."

Mrs. Fleightleigh caught her breath. "Archie," said she, and her voice trembled just a trifle. "It was so good of you to give me the house and furniture. You always were generous, with all your faults. Where—where are you going to live, Archie?"

Archie drummed the sidewalk reflectively with his cane. "Hadn't thought of that," he responded. "Suppose I'll go to Mr. Peck's caravansary down here for awhile. It's big enough to lose one's thoughts in, you know. Good-bye, Edith."

He straightened up now, and as the tiny gloved hand touched his own for one brief instant, he was sure he saw a pair of big crystal tears standing in the two big eyes of blue.

V.

In three months Mr. Fleightleigh had grown partially accustomed to his grasswidowhood.

In the meantime he was forced to confess that Mrs. Fleightleigh had been more of a social success since her divorce than she had ever been before it. Her name was rarely out of the newspapers. Her weekly "At Homes" were described at great length, and her gorgeous costumes descanted upon in glowing terms by society reporters. Mrs. Fleightleigh was not wearing the willow by any manner of means.

Sitting one evening in a cozy corner of the Allyoumet Club parlor, gazing rather disconsolately through the rain-spattered pane, Mr. Fleightleigh was busy with his own thoughts, when the sound of voices reached him. Some young men, ignorant of his presence, were playing whist behind a portiere a few feet away,. and the tones of Charlie Slimtone, about as addlepated a youth as ever squandered a doting parent's dollars, rang shrilly through the apartment.

"Going up to Mrs. Fleightleigh's tomorrow night," asserted he. "Great little lady that, boys. Bright as a dollar. Little smitten, I confess. Going to make a play in that direction. For a wife she'll suit yours truly to a dot. Say, what an awful fool Archie Fleightleigh must have been to quarrel with a women like that."

"Young man," came the deep bass tones of old Putancall, the club hermit, from the other side of the room, "you are right. When Archie Fleightleigh gave *you* the right to admire Mrs. Fleightleigh he proved himself the most egregious ass of the age."

VI.

Before retiring that night Mr. Fleightleigh gave the hotel porter a note to mail to Mrs. Fleightleigh. It was very brief.

"I have no wish to intrude upon you," the lines ran, "but it seems to me that if your situation drives you to seek solace in the society of idiots like young Slimtoe, it would be only charitable to come to the rescue. If you are of my way of thinking in this matter, be gracious enough to send an invitation to your next At Home, to

"Your faithful friend,
"ARCHIBALD FLEIGHTLEIGH"

VII.

In two days came the reply:

"If you really want to come, I will give an 'At Home' Friday evening for your especial benefit."

Friday evening saw Mr. Fleightleigh, his tall figure resplendent in immaculate evening dress, a spray of hyacinths in his buttonhole, requesting the affable hotel clerk to summon him a coupe. He was a trifle surprised, on reaching the neat residence that once knew him as master, to find no line of carriages blocking the way. "The first arrival, by all that's confusing!" he muttered as he rang the door bell.

That spruce maid who flung open the door gave a grasp of recognition. He waved her aside, however, and bidding her announce his arrival to her mistress, stalked grandiloquently into the reception room.

Strange, but there was no flare of gas light; no elaborate floral decorations. A Sevres vase, full of lilies of the valley, stood on the mantel. A tall, solitary lamp cast golden rays from beneath a fringed yellow shade.

Before the visitor had time to collect his senses there was a soft rustle of draperies in the hallway. In another moment his divorced wife stood before him.

She wore a clinging robe of some white, fleecy fabric, with lace at the wrists and throat. A spray of voilets was just pinned just over the place where, according to the best anatomical authorities, her heart ought to have been.

Mr. Fleightleigh rose to his feet, and as he did so there swept across his senses a vague, familiar perfume, faint as the sigh of sylph and sweet as June roses, He remembered it instantly. It was the same he had known in other days.

"I thought," he stammered stupidly, "I thought you had an 'At Home' to-night?"

"I have,"answered Mrs. Fleightleigh, half guiltily, "I told you I would give an 'At Home' to-night for your especial benefit, did I not?"

A full minute of dead silence. Then Mr. Fleightleigh perceived that the big blue eyes were swimming. Whereupon he did precisely what any gallant gentleman, situated as he was, would have done under the circumstances.

Half an hour afterwards Mr. Fleightleigh asked: "And do you really believe, my precious one, that marriage is a failure?"

"I do not know about that," answered Mrs. Fleightleigh, but I am very certain that divorce is."

VIII.

And the lawyer, who two days afterward read the announcement of their marriage, has not quite recovered from his astonishment yet.—*Harold R. Vynne, in Chicago Journal.*

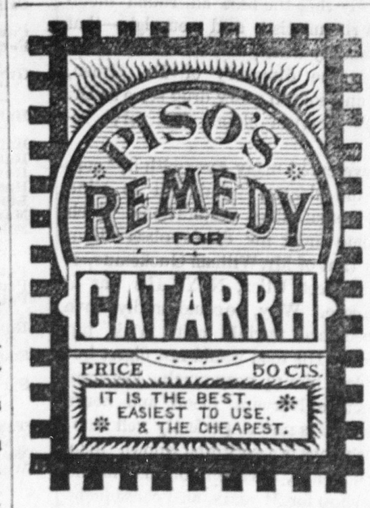
Dual Use of Telegraphic Wires.

It has been discovered recently in England that the same wire can be used simultaneously for telegraphing and telephoning. The discovery has been utilized on the Great Western railway's line between Southall and Brentford, a distance of three miles and a half, and it is said that the faintest telephonic sounds are distinctly heard even when the telegraphic message is ticking over the wire.

Tides Caused by Electricity.

A Canadian electrician states that electricity causes the tides and demonstrates it by electrifying a rubber comb by rubbing it through the hair and then drawing it over the top of a glass filled with water, the result being that the tidal wave follows the comb.

Would you rather buy lamp-chimneys, one a week the year round, or one that lasts till some accident breaks it?
Common glass may break or not the minute you light your lamp; if not, the first draft may break it; if not, it may break from a mere whim.
Tough glass chimneys, Macbeth's "Pearl-top" or "Pearl-glass," almost never break from heat, not one in a hundred.
Where can you get it? and what does it cost?
Your dealer knows where and how much. It costs more than common glass; and may be, he thinks tough glass isn't good for his business.
Pittsburgh, Pa. GEO. A. MACBETH CO.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KEEPS YOUR CHICKENS
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Good for Moulting Hens.
It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs tenth of a cent a day. No other one-fourth as strong. Strictly a medicine. One large can saved me $40; send six to prevent Roup," says one customer.
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which has revolutionized the treatment of these diseases. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears, the first dose greatly benefits. It is recommended only for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, but for these it is a quick and radical cure, as multitudes who have used it testify. It contains no anodynes and is perfectly harmless. Ask your druggist to procure it if he does not have it on hand.
Guarantee. If first bottle does not benefit you, druggist will refund money.
Write for treatise and testimonials.
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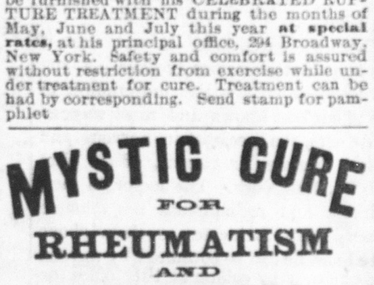
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RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Nov. 16, 1891.

STATIONS	Dis	WESTWARD A.M	A.M	P.M
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 15	4 20
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 18	4 23
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 21	4 26
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 33	4 38
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	9 36	4 40
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 44	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	9 48	4 56
Curtin	19.9	5 18	9 01	5 02
Milesburg	22.5	5 25	10 11	5 19
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 25	5 26
Milesburg	25.5	5 45	10 35	5 30
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 48	10 40	5 39
Unionville	28.5	5 55	10 48	5 41
Julian	32.9	6 05	10 59	5 50
Martha	37.0	6 13	11 26	5 59
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	1129	6 06
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 26	6 12
Fowler—f	45.0	6 30	11 29	6 15
Dix—f	46.3	6 33	11 32	6 12
Bald Eagle	49.3	6 40	11 38	6 28
Vail	51.2	6 44	11 43	6 29
East Tyrone	53.0	6 48	11 48	6 33
TYRONE	54.3	6 55	11 55	6 40

STATIONS	Dis	EASTWARD A.M	P. M.	P.M.
TYRONE		7 55	3 10	7 25
East Tyrone	1.3	8 02	8 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 05	3 20	7 36
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 10	3 24	7 41
Dix—f	8.0	8 15	3 30	7 47
Fowler—f	9.3	8 17	3 33	7 50
Hannah—f	10.6	8 21	3 37	7 54
Port Matilda	13.9	8 28	3 44	8 01
Martha	17.3	8 36	3 52	8 10
Julian	21.4	8 44	4 01	8 20
Unionville	25.8	8 55	4 10	8 30
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 03	4 17	8 40
Milesburg	30.8	9 07	4 20	8 44
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 17	4 30	8 54
Milesburg	30.8	9 32	4 40	9 18
Curtin	34.4	9 46	4 47	9 19
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	9 51	4 55	9 28
Howard	39.8	10 01	5 02	9 28
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 15	5 10	9 40
Beech Creek	45.0	10 20	5 13	9 45
Mill Hall	51.3	10 35	p 24	10 01
Flemington	52.5	10 28	5 27	10 05
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 45	5 39	10 10

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis.	P.M	A.M	Stations	Dis. Eastward A.M	P.M
5 05	2 51		SCOTIA	25.6 9 21	4 47
5 25	10 21	5.3	Fairbrook	26.3 9 09	4 27
5 37	10 28	8.7	Penns. Furnace	16.9 8 56	4 15
5 44	10 34	10.6	Hostler f	15.0 8 50	4 08
5 50	10 46	12.3	Marengo f	13.3 8 46	4 01
5 57	10 52	13.5	Loveville f	12.1 8 37	3 55
6 04	10 58	15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4 8 31	3 40
6 08	11 02	15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8 8 27	3 46
6 18	11 10	18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4 8 19	3 08
6 28	11 20	20.5	Pennington	5.1 8 10	2 50
6 40	11 32	23.5	Stover	2.1 7 58	3 1
6 50	11 40	25.6	TYRONE	7 50	3 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.1t a m.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.59 p m.
Leaves Bellefont at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.50 p m.
S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis.	Westward a.m.	p.m.		Eastward a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
.0	5.50	2.15	MONTANDON	5.30	9.20	5.45
1.5	6.15	2.25	Ar. LEWISBURG Lv	5.20	9.10	5.36
1.5	6.15	2.28	Lv. LEWISBURG. Ar		9.10	5.32
5.4	6.20	2.35	Biehl f		9.00	5.24
6.8	6.35	2.40	Vicksburg f		8.58	5.20
10.7	6.45	2.50	MIFFLINBURG		8.43	5.10
13.1	6.52	2.57	Barber f		8.36	5.0
15.2	6.58	3.03	Swengle f		8.30	4.5
16.1	7.00	3.05	Millmont		8.27	4.5
18.6	7.08	3.14	LAURELTON		8.17	4.46
23.5	7.19	3.25	Pardee f		8.06	4.35
28.9	7.33	3.38	Cherry Run f		7.53	4.22
32.2	7.43	3.48	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.43	4.12
33.9	7.48	3.54	Ingleby f		7.39	4.07
36.6	7.53	4.00	Coburn		7.30	4.00
39.6	8.01	4.08	Zerby f		7.21	3.52
43.4	8.10	4.17	Rising Springs		7.12	3.43
46.2	8.18	4.25	Penn's Cave f		7.05	3.37
49.2	8.24	4.30	CENTRE HALL		6.58	3.28
51.6	8.32	4.37	Gregg f		6.51	3.23
54.6	8.37	4.43	Linden Hall		6.43	3.16
56.7	8.42	4.48	OAK HALL		6.38	3.11
58.3	8.46	4.52	LEMONT		6.34	
60.2	8.51	4.57	Dale Summit f		6.29	
63.9	9.00	5.06	Pleasant Gap f		6.19	
65.2	9.04	5.10	Axeman f		6.14	
67.4	9.10	5.15	BELLEFONTE		6.10	2.48

CHAS E. PUGH ..... General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON ..... General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL ..... Superintendent

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

EASTWARD					WESTWARD				
12	10	8	1	2		1	3	7	9	11
pm	pm	pm	am	am	Ar—Lv	am	am	pm	pm	pm
6 35		5 50		9 05	Bellefont	6 30		10 30		4 40
6 28		5 44		8 59	Coleville	6 37		10 35		4 45
6 25		5 41		8 56	Morris	6 40		10 38		4 48
6 22		5 38		8 52	Whitmer	6 44		10 43		4 51
6 19		5 35		8 49	Linns	6 47		10 46		4 54
6 17		5 33		8 47	Hunters	6 50		10 48		4 56
6 14		5 31		8 44	Filmore	6 53		10 52		5 00
6 11		5 28		8 40	Sellers	6 57		10 56		5 03
6 09		5 26		8 38	Briarly	7 00		10 58		5 05
6 05	6 00	5 23	8 23	8 36	Waddle	7 05	7 10	11 01	5 10	5 10
6 02	5 50	5 20	8 20	8 30	Mattern J	7 08	7 14	11 03	5 13	5 12
	5 46		8 17		Graysdale	7 19		5 16		
	5 43		8 12		Mattern	7 24		5 20		
	5 40		8 05		Stormstown	7 29		5 23		
	5 35		8 00		Red Bank	7 35		5 30		
5 51		5 08		8 18	Krumr'ne	7 21		11 13		5 24
5 48		5 05		8 14	Struble	7 24		11 17		5 27
5 45		5 00		8 10	St. College	7 30		11 20		5 30

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.
THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th, 1890.

	WESTWARD.	
ERIE MAIL	leaves Phila daily	11 25 p m
"	" Harrisburg	3 30 a m
"	" William'sport "	7 10 a m
"	" Jersey Shore "	7 31 a m
"	" Lock Haven "	7 55 a m
"	" Renovo "	8 55 a m
"	arrives Erie "	3 40 p m
GRA EX.	l'ves Phila week d'ys	8 50 a m
"	" Harrsburg "	12 00 m
"	arrives at Wmsport "	3 20 p m
"	" Lock Haven "	4 10 p m
"	" Renovo "	5 15 p m
"	" Rane "	9 30 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 20 p m
FAST LINE	leaves Phila. week days.	11 40 a m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 45 p m
"	" Williansport "	7 10 p m
"	arrives at Lock Haven "	8 02 p m
"	" Renovo "	9 00 p m
NEWS EX.	l'ves Philadelphia	4 35 a m
"	" Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	" Williamsport	11 20 a m
"	arrives at Lock Haven	12 15 p m
Wms'port Ex.	l'vs Phila	4 25 p m
"	" Harrisburg	7 32 p m
"	" arrive Williamsport	10 20 p m
	EASTWARD.	
Sea Shore Express	l'vs L Haven w	7 20 a m
"	" Jersey Shore.	7 48 a m
"	" Wms'port	8 25 a m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	11 25 a m
"	" Phila	3 15 a m
DAY EX.	leaves Kane week days	6 30 a m
"	" Renovo

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type)	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash. EDWARD T. TUTEN.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary, "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley, " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro.	B F Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg	1 W S S Crissman	Philipsburg
"	2 Geo Lamb	Philipsburg
"	3 W Capt Harry Simler	"
South Philipsburg boro	M. Stover,	Philipsb'g
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp E P	J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp W P	C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp N P	Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart	Mosbannon
College Twp E P	Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp W P	Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp E P	Claudius B Hess	Fairbrook
Ferguson "	J A Sunday	"
Gregg "	N P Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Geegg "	S P John D Long	Spring Mills
Gregg "	E P. Jos. K. Bitner.	Penn Hall
Haines "	E P Chas Bressler	Fiedler
Halees "	W P James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard "	N. G. Pletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty "	D M Burlew	Blanchard
Marion "	E P Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Ruben Golmen	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buf'lo Run
Penn "	Same Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp N P	Andrew Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter " S P	Alexander McCoy	Pot'rs Mills
Rush " N P	David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush " S P	Alexander Miller	Sandy Ridge
SnowShoe E P	Alfred Lucas	SnowShoe
SnowShoe W P	John A Yeager	Mosbannon
Spring Twp N P	John G Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring " S P	M F Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring " W P	W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S E. Pringle	Port Matilda

ARE YOU ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED?

Or are any of your friends? Don't tell, if it's a secret. But everyone, even if pledged to a life of "single blessedness," is bound to be interested in weddings, and wants to know all the latest fads concerning them; and everone will be thoroughly posted about all the details of a modern fashionable wedding, and know how to manage any style of wedding, offer reading (as every one should) the very fully illustrated and exhaustive article, "The Modern Wedding Festival," published in DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for November. All the girls and their mammas will enjoy reading about Kitty's debut tea which is described in such a sparkling manner in "A Debutante's Winter in New York," and will learn just how a coming-out tea should be conducted. If you are interested in floriculture, you will appreciate the advice given in "The Care of Outdoor Plants in Autumn," "Columbus: His Story and His Country" is an especially timely article, beautifully illustrated. The stories are excellent; every one of the numerous departments, for which this distinctively Family Magazine is noted, is full to overflowing with good things; and there are nearly 200 illnstrations, including a superb tinted portrait of Mrs. Grover Cleveland. Although this is an excellent number, in which everyone is sure to find something of interest. The subscription price of DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE is only $2 a year; or single copies, 20 cents. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 E. 14th St., New Yrok.

DRUNKENNESS, OR THE LIQUOR HABIT, CURED AT HOME IN TEN DAYS BY ADMINISTERING DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

It can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed. 48 page book of particulars free. Address the GOLDEN SPECIFIC Co., 185 Race Street Cincinati, Ohio.

MORMONS AND ALL.

The first boast of the democratic press after its announcement that the party has secured control of the Executive and Legislative departments of this government is that it will admit Arizona and New Mexico to citizenship. It is said that Utah is also included.

The population of all three of these Territories is made up in considerably part of Mormons, but they are democrats and that covers the hideous immorality which passes among them for religious belief.

What a price we are to pay for democratic domination.

HERE IS NEWS.

Juss Now of the Utmost Im portance.

AND IT IS SOMETHING THAT ALL WILL APPRECIATE.

BECAUSE IT IS AN HONEST AND OUTSPOKEN OPINION.

"Rheumatism and neuralgia are perfectly curable," remarked one of our most eminent physicians, in conversation with the writer. "The only thing necessary is to use the right remedy and use it persistently."

"But what is the right remedy, doctor?"

"Well, although a physician in practice, I must say that the best all round medicine for rheumatism and neuralgia—that is the remedy which will effect the most cures—is the discovery of Dr. Green, known and sold in every drug store as Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

"I have cured many cases with it," continued the doctor, "and call to mind several remarkable restorations which have come under my direct observation, notably that of Mr. William Guckemus, of 62 Stark Street, Utica, N. Y. His was a terrible case. Why, he could hardly move in his bed, had terrible pains in his hip and back. His food would not digest but would bloat him up very much. He used Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and is now a perfectly well man, Mr. Guckemus is a very well known man in Utica, in fact, has been foreman in the turning shop for 24 years, and consequently everybody knows him and his wonderful cure.

"And there was that remarkable cure of Mr. Michael Crowley." added the doctor, "who resides in New York City at 74 Laight Street. He had rheumatism so bad that he could not walk, indeed, could not eat or sleep. Nothing seemed to relieve him until he procured Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy and now he is a perfectly well man. He declares that this remedy saved his life and that it is the most wonderful medicine in the world.

"A talented lady of my acquaintance, also, Mrs J. T. Cummings, of 1303 Lorain Street, Cleveland, Ohio, told me that she suffered fearfully with pain in her right side for months, She was extremely nervous in addition and could not sleep nights. She received no relief whatever until she used Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and now through the curative effects of this medicine, the pain has left her entirely and she is well again.

"It certainly does cure rheumatism and neuralgia," wound up the doctor, "and I could go on indefinitely describing case after case among my patients where it has given almost instant relief and soon effected perfect cures. I pronounce it the great remedy for pains and aches and I prescribe and use it freely because I know it to be a purely vegetable and harmless medicine.

"No, we physicians do not class it among patent medicines because, as you must remember, it is the prescription of one of our best known and most successful doctors, the specialist in nervous and chronic diseases, Dr. Greene, of 35 West 14th St., New York. The doctor, in fact, endorses and recommends his valuable remedy in just such cases as those above stated and he can be consulted by anyone free of charge by calling at this office or writing."

I have been a sufferer from catarrh for years. Having tried a number of remedies advertised as "sure cures" without obtaining any relief. I had resolved never to take any other patent medicines, when a friend advised me to try Ely's Cream Balm. I did so with great reluctance, but can now testify that after using it for six weeks I believe myself cured. It is a most agreeable remedy—an invaluable Balm.—Joseph Stewart, 624 Grand Ave., Brooklyn.

"Richard and his Sweetheart Nell," song and chorus, quarto sent free to any address by Studebaker Bros. Mfg. Co., South Bend, Ind., on receipt of stamp to cover postage and mailing. The verses relate the story of a drive taken by Richard and Nell. The title page has an elegant picture, specially designed by the artist, Gray Parker, showing Richard and his sweetheart about starting out on their memorable drive. The words, of course, constitute a love story. The share in it of the Studebakers is merely incidental. The melody is delightful, and was composed for the words by the well known musical writer, W. F. Sudds.

Recommends it for whooping cough, Mr. John H. Ogden. Ashville, N. C., writes: "I have used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in my family for six years and can cheerfully recommend it as one of the best remedies I ever used. Have also tried it for whooping cough with the best results."

TO DRIVE AWAY THE BLUES.

Did you ever have the blues, when you did not know what to do with yourself? Reading is what most people fall back on at such times, and nothing is better to drive away the blues than a good crisp story or a few good jokes. Our special offer of 25 back numbers of the Waverly Magazine, of different dates, for $1,00 postpaid, will supply you with about 400 short, clean and complete stories. jokes ect. The same amount of reading in the trashy 25c novel, would cost you $12.

Send stamp for sample. Address
WAVERLEY MAGAZINE,
Box 172, Boston, Mass
Yours truly,
WAVERLY MAGAZINE.

CENTRE COUNTY OFFICIAL ELECTION RETURNS FOR NOVEMBER 8, 1892.

DISTRICTS.	President			V. President			Cong.-at-Large						J.S.C.			Congress			Representatives						Asso. Judge			Prothon't'y			Dis. Att'y		Co. Surv	
	Harrison, R.	Cleveland, D.	Bidwell, P.	Reid, R.	Stevenson, D.	Cranfil, P.	Lilly, R.	McDowell, R.	Allen, D.	Merritt, D.	Chase, P.	McCrory, P.	Dean, R.	Haydrick, D.	Briggs, P.	Anderson, R.	Kribbs, D.	Biglow, P.	Hamilton, R.	Dale, R.	McCormick, D.	Schofield, D.	Dale, P.	Hess, P.	Gray, R.	Faulkner, D.	Thompson, P.	Miller, R.	Smith, D.	Scott, P.	Zeigler, R.	Singer, D.	Cleaver, R.	Herring, D.
Bellefonte, North Ward	216	132	16	216	132	16	218	218	132	132	18	17	217	132	18	214	133	17	226	220	126	134	14	12	232	112	19	232	97	9	196	162	228	130
" South "	112	194	7	112	194	7	112	112	195	195	6	6	111	195	7	118	191	12	127	120	188	185	7	6	118	192	8	132	177	7	107	204	117	188
" West "	79	54	7	79	54	7	79	79	54	54	7	7	78	54	8	81	49	7	71	75	61	64	7	6	77	52	7	88	45	4	71	71	77	54
Centre Hall borough	27	84	5	.....	.....	.....	27	27	83	83	5	5	27	83	5	27	73	4	28	28	83	77	6	4	28	79	8	28	71	5	26	83	27	82
Howard "	94	50	4	.....	.....	.....	94	94	50	50	4	4	94	50	4	95	50	5	100	96	49	47	4	4	92	55	6	98	47	5	93	51	96	49
Milesburg "	84	36	7	.....	.....	.....	84	84	37	36	8	8	83	37	7	83	37	7	86	84	38	35	5	6	83	38	8	84	38	8	76	39	87	37
Millheim "	42	114	1	.....	.....	.....	42	42	115	115	1	1	42	116	1	41	116	1	42	42	116	114	1	.....	46	109	2	40	117	.....	41	115	42	114
Philipsburg, 1st Ward	95	60	16	.....	.....	.....	96	96	59	59	17	17	95	60	17	92	50	35	100	97	55	55	18	18	63	99	15	86	54	31	107	46	97	54
" 2nd "	125	120	20	.....	.....	.....	124	125	121	120	19	19	125	121	18	113	110	45	126	121	122	112	21	67	180	180	19	124	115	56	131	111	124	118
" 3rd "	112	77	22	.....	.....	.....	111	112	78	77	22	22	114	76	20	105	68	38	112	107	76	71	21	29	66	125	19	100	94	46	117	62	109	71
South Philipsburg borough	39	27	6	.....	.....	.....	36	39	27	27	6	6	30	27	6	29	27	8	39	30	28	28	7	7	25	33	7	31	26	6	33	23	29	28
Unionville "	58	24	6	.....	.....	.....	58	58	24	24	7	7	58	24	7	58	24	7	57	57	24	22	10	9	57	23	10	59	25	5	59	26	61	25
Benner township	76	155	7	76	155	7	74	75	155	155	5	5	74	155	5	75	155	9	77	76	159	151	8	5	77	152	9	80	154	6	79	159	78	158
Boggs township, Eastern precinct	51	53	1	.....	.....	.....	51	51	53	53	1	.....	51	53	1	51	54	.....	49	48	54	56	.....	.....	50	63	.....	49	54	.....	48	55	47	55
" " Western "	124	98	8	.....	.....	.....	124	124	99	99	8	8	124	99	8	131	104	11	135	126	106	103	8	9	133	99	12	136	100	8	133	102	134	102
" " Northern "	38	37	10	.....	.....	.....	38	38	37	37	8	8	38	36	8	38	36	11	36	32	37	40	10	10	36	36	11	37	36	10	32	44	36	37
Burnside township	48	31	.....	.....	.....	.....	48	48	31	31	.....	.....	48	31	.....	50	31	.....	50	50	31	31	.....	.....	47	34	.....	49	31	.....	48	32	49	31
College township, Eastern precinct	120	84	24	.....	.....	.....	120	120	84	84	24	24	121	84	23	122	86	24	126	108	103	70	23	13	112	79	39	121	92	16	127	93	128	89
" " Western "	80	59	14	.....	.....	.....	80	80	59	59	13	13	80	59	13	78	59	12	89	48	102	54	9	9	85	54	12	85	55	10	80	62	83	57
Curtin township	33	49	.....	.....	.....	.....	39	30	43	42	.....	.....	30	42	.....	32	49	1	33	32	50	47	1	.....	32	49	1	31	48	1	22	59	32	47
Ferguson township, Eastern precinct	73	158	1	.....	.....	.....	73	73	157	154	1	1	74	157	.....	71	158	.....	57	62	173	155	4	1	70	156	5	72	156	1	69	159	70	157
" " Western "	75	54	2	.....	.....	.....	76	76	56	54	2	1	69	57	6	77	55	3	71	89	55	58	3	3	81	53	1	78	45	2	77	55	78	55
Gregg township, Northern precinct	16	17	.....	.....	.....	.....	10	10	77	77	.....	.....	10	77	.....	9	7	.....	10	10	77	77	.....	.....	10	77	.....	10	74	.....	10	77	10	77
" " Southern "	18	131	3	.....	.....	.....	18	17	131	131	2	2	17	131	2	19	132	1	21	20	133	127	.....	.....	25	122	4	19	129	1	18	134	19	133
" " Eastern "	74	111	5	.....	.....	.....	73	73	112	112	5	4	73	112	4	74	111	6	80	64	123	104	7	4	76	109	9	75	111	4	74	112	52	133
Haines township, Eastern precinct	36	129	.....	.....	.....	.....	36	36	119	119	.....	.....	34	119	.....	37	119	.....	39	38	118	116	.....	.....	38	119	.....	39	119	.....	36	118	39	118
" " Western "	77	124	5	.....	.....	.....	77	77	124	124	5	4	77	124	4	79	123	6	80	79	124	123	6	5	80	122	8	76	128	5	76	128	76	128
Half Moon township	89	45	7	.....	.....	.....	89	89	45	45	7	7	89	45	6	87	47	10	84	79	87	52	8	8	94	43	8	90	46	7	92	46	90	48
Harris township	70	144	3	.....	.....	.....	71	71	143	144	3	2	71	143	3	71	145	3	69	72	146	142	3	3	74	136	6	70	142	3	68	146	70	144
Howard "	97	89	.....	.....	.....	.....	97	97	89	89	.....	.....	97	89	.....	98	90	1	100	99	90	87	1	1	99	89	1	98	90	1	96	91	98	90
Huston "	66	58	18	.....	.....	.....	67	67	57	57	17	16	68	57	16	69	59	21	64	64	59	59	21	19	63	62	18	71	57	20	69	57	71	56
Liberty "	139	101	2	.....	.....	.....	139	138	102	100	2	2	138	98	1	139	100	2	138	137	101	101	2	2	139	100	3	136	102	2	134	109	139	107
Marion "	45	87	2	.....	.....	.....	46	45	87	87	2	2	46	87	2	45	89	2	52	45	89	81	2	2	45	84	7	46	87	2	44	90	45	88
Miles "	23	66	.....	.....	.....	.....	23	23	66	65	.....	.....	22	66	.....	22	66	1	29	23	64	64	.....	.....	23	64	.....	22	67	.....	22	66	22	66
" " Eastern precinct	33	141	1	.....	.....	.....	33	33	141	141	1	1	33	141	1	32	143	1	35	32	144	140	2	.....	43	130	.....	28	149	.....	30	146	31	145
" " Middle "	16	76	.....	.....	.....	.....	16	16	76	76	.....	.....	16	76	.....	17	72	1	17	18	74	75	1	.....	19	73	1	16	76	.....	18	74	18	74
" " Western "	91	68	3	.....	.....	.....	91	91	68	68	4	4	92	68	4	89	70	2	69	76	94	71	3	2	105	56	3	89	69	3	89	69	90	68
Patton "	35	183	1	.....	.....	.....	35	35	188	183	1	1	35	183	1	33	187	1	32	31	186	186	1	.....	32	184	1	27	190	1	30	186	30	184
Penn "	35	120	1	.....	.....	.....	35	35	121	120	1	1	35	120	1	35	122	1	38	35	121	112	4	.....	34	119	5	35	121	1	33	122	34	122
Potter " Northern precinct	59	184	2	.....	.....	.....	56	55	186	185	3	4	54	184	4	57	184	5	59	52	184	179	5	3	58	180	8	56	185	4	59	184	58	184
" " Southern "	81	97	10	.....	.....	.....	80	80	96	96	10	10	80	94	10	75	96	12	75	74	98	99	12	12	43	136	12	76	97	12	76	97	76	96
Rush " Northern "	60	69	2	.....	.....	.....	60	60	69	69	2	2	61	68	2	54	69	4	51	52	74	74	5	5	54	71	5	55	69	5	57	68	57	69
" " Southern "	88	90	4	.....	.....	.....	87	87	90	90	4	4	86	90	4	91	94	5	90	93	94	90	5	5	66	100	5	91	94	5	92	94	92	94
Snow Shoe " Eastern "	28	46	.....	.....	.....	.....	28	28	46	46	.....	.....	28	46	.....	28	45	.....	27	26	46	47	.....	.....	28	43	2	28	45	.....	28	45	28	45
" " Western "	83	73	6	85	73	6	85	83	75	70	6	6	83	69	6	85	67	7	89	85	68	67	7	4	86	67	9	89	68	7	79	75	83	71
Spring " Northern "	108	134	4	.....	.....	.....	108	108	134	133	4	4	108	134	4	111	137	4	112	98	138	138	5	4	106	141	4	109	137	4	108	139	109	135
" " Southern "	65	63	7	.....	.....	.....	66	66	63	63	7	6	67	62	7	71	65	7	69	67	66	99	7	3	71	62	7	74	63	4	71	64	71	64
" " Western "	53	33	.....	.....	.....	.....	53	53	33	33	.....	.....	53	33	.....	54	33	.....	50	49	38	35	.....	.....	54	35	.....	52	36	.....	51	33	52	33
Taylor "	82	89	18	.....	.....	.....	82	82	89	89	17	12	82	89	16	87	88	15	94	91	88	91	15	14	87	89	14	89	89	15	95	90	88	90
Union "	93	192	2	.....	.....	.....	95	95	192	192	1	1	94	192	.....	93	189	3	92	89	189	186	3	3	94	188	3	95	188	3	88	195	84	189
Walker "	91	55	6	.....	.....	.....	91	89	55	54	5	5	89	55	5	90	57	5	91	88	66	56	4	4	79	68	4	91	56	4	88	58	91	56
Worth "																																		
Totals	3067	4592	296				3637	3630	4583	4567	291	279	3622	4572	285	3698	4570	383	3689	3521	4745	4514	315	280	3587	4703	366	3732	4521	329	3615	4586	3662	4614
Majorities		925							946	937				950			962				1056	993				1116			789			971		952

NOTE—The above returns are Official. The vote for Vice President same as President. The People's party polled 19 votes for President.

TRIAL LIST.

For November Term. 1892—Commencing Monday, November 28th.

A A Walker vs. Hoover, Gates and Miller.

Dale, Hart & Co. vs W H Hoover, Agt.

R C Bowes Granite Co vs C W Hunter.

Benjamin Breon vs M G Brown.

Jas. Harris & Co. vs J H and W F Holt.

Lucida Burnside vs J P Gephart, et al.

E A Glenn & Co. vs Wm Wolf.

E A Glenn & Co. vs H D Vanpelt admr's.

S Oppenheimer & Co. vs H and S Schmidt.

John C Motz vs W Miles Walker.

Samuel Page vs J P Alexander.

Jos. K Moyer vs Confer, Duck & Co.

Thos. G Ingram vs Beech Creek R R Co.

W B Cober vs P B Crider.

M P Odenkirk vs J J and T Lingle's adm'rs.

COMMENCING DECEMBER THE 5TH.

Geo. W Jackson vs Nittany Valley Railroad Company. Hastings and Reeder for plaintiffs and Beaver, Gephart & Dale for defendants.

The B, R and B E Railroad Company vs McCoy & Linn; Love for plaintiff, Orvis, Bower & Orvis for defendants.

William Garner & Co. vs Sol, Silknitter et al; Beaver, Gephart and Dale for plaintiff, Stitzer & McGee for defendants.

J J Delong vs J P Findley et al; Spangler & Hewes for plaintiff, Keller & Keller for defendants.

Spring township school district vs the B. R., B. & B. E Railroad Company; Alexander for plaintiff and Beaver, Gephart & Dale for defendants.

John Leichty vs Jrs W Moyer; Chambers et al for plaintiff and Meyer for defendant.

James R Alexander et al vs the Bald Eagle Valley Railroad Company; Orvis, Bower & Orvis for plaintiffs, Blanchard for defendants.

Lehigh Valley Coal Company vs Henry Croskey et al; Orvis Bower & Orvis for plaintiffs and Beaver, Gephart & Dale for defendants.

Boston Viehdorfor vs Simon and Jacob Walker, ; Hasting & Reeder for plaintiffs and Love for defendant.

James W Sankey vs C P Hewes admr's Beaver, Gephart & Dale for plaintiffs and Spangler and Hewes for defendant.

Jennie M Waltz et al Beech Creek Railroad Company; Orvis, Bower & Orvis for plaintiff and P a for defendant.

Lehigh Valley Coal Company vs Beech Creek Valley Coal Co; Orvis, Bower & Orvis for plaintiff and Peal for defendant.

Swarts & Grag vs J G Newland; Beaver, Gephart & Dale for plaintiffs, and Bryson for defendant.

John I Thompson vs George and John B Mattern; Beaver, Gephart & Dale for plaintiff and Love et al for defendant.

Jones and Landon vs W H Wigton Zeigler, Love, Spangler & Hewes for plaintiff and Bryson for defendant.

First National Bank, of Bellefonte, vs Charles McCafferty; Beaver Gephart & Dale for plaintiffs and Love for defendant.

Elizabeth Grossman, admr.; Hasting & Reeder for plaintiffs, Bower & Orvis for defendants.

Tradesmen's National Bank vs Bellefonte Iron & Nail Company; Spangler & Hewes for plaintiff, and Beaver, Gephart & Dale for defendants.

D R Kulp vs Chas. Reber, Beaver, Gephart & Dale for plaintiffs and Orvis Bower and Orvis for defendants.

John B Leathers vs Mt Eagle Christian church; Love for plaintiff and Meyer for defendant.

Philip Collins vs F McCoy & Shugert; Love for plaintiff, and Orvis, Bower, and Orvis for defendants.

Elizabeth Grossman vs Joseph Grossman; Spangler & Hewes for plaintiff and Orvis, Bower & Orvis for defendants.

Elizabeth Grossman vs Ira Grossman; Spangler & Hewes for plaintiff and Orvis, Bower & Orvis for defendants.

Elizabeth Grossman vs G W Grossman; Spangler & Hewes for plaintiff and Orvis, Bower& Orvis for defendants.

H R Curtin, administrator vs Joseph Greene's exrs; Beaver, Gephart & Dale for plaintiff and Keller and Keller for defendants.

Hoover Huges & Co. vs G A Walker et al Lichtenthaler for plaintiff and Bryson et al or defendants.

David Walker vs A M McClain & Co; Dale for plaintiff and Orvis, Bower & Orvis for defendants.

John M Hale & Co vs H C Baney, Beaver, Gephart & Dale for plaintiffs and Harper for the defendant.

J A Harper's administrators vs Elizabeth D Kunes et al; Orvis, Bower, & Orvis for plaintiff and Harper for defendant.

Clifford Blackman

A Boston Boy's Eyesight Saved—Perhaps His Life

By Hood's Sarsaparilla—Blood Poisoned by Canker.

Read the following from a grateful mother: "My little boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, and it left him very weak and with blood poisoned with canker. His eyes became so inflamed that his sufferings were intense, and for seven weeks he

Could Not Open His Eyes.

I took him twice during that time to the Eye and Ear Infirmary on Charles street, but their remedies failed to do him the faintest shadow of good. I commenced giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it soon cured him. I have never doubted that it saved his sight, even if not his very life. You may use this testimonial in any way you choose. I am always ready to sound the praise of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

because of the wonderful good it did my son."
ABBIE F. BLACKMAN, 2888 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Get HOOD'S.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance.

COURT PROCLAMATION—Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial district, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Daniel Rhoads and the Hon. Thomas F. Riley, Associate Judges in Centre, having issued their precept bearing date the 28th day October of 1892 to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and commence on the 4th Monday of November the 28nd day of November 1892 and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner. Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o,clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those thing which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them shall be just.

Give under my eand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of Nov., in the year of our Lord, 1892, and the one hundred and sixteenth year of the Independence of the United States.

WM. A. ISHLER,
Sheriff.

23 30 4t

ALL THE SAME, ALWAYS.

SPRAINS.

MT. PLEASANT, TEXAS, June 20, 1888. Suffered 8 months with strain of back; could not walk straight; used two bottles of **St. Jacobs Oil**, was cured. No pain in 18 months.
M. J. WALLACE.

SAINT JACOBS TRY OIL IT

BRUISES.

PITTSBURG, PA., 302 Wylie Ave., Jan. 29, '87. One of my workmen fell from a ladder, he sprained and bruised his arm very badly. He used **

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

EDITED BY MISS E. P. TUTEN.

CENTRE COUNTY AND BELLEFONTE LOCAL OFFICERS.

President—Mrs John P. Harris.
Vice Pres.—Mrs. James Harris.
Secretary—Miss Eliza Thomas.
Treasurer—Mrs. D. D. Mitchell.

Regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. is held every Thursday at 4 o'clock P. M. in the W. C. T. U. rooms. No. 20, Criders Exchange.

Gospel temperance meeting every Sunday afternoon at 2.30 at the same place.

A cordial invitation to attend these meetings is extended to all.

Sewing school every Saturday afternoon from 2 to 4; also held at room 20. To this school children are earnestly invited.

The exchange Is open every Saturday at 3 P. M. in the room formerly occupied by Mr. McManus as a law office. A good variety of break, pies, puddings, cake and candy always on hand. Orders for Sunday dinner deserts promptly filled.

Man never deceives himself so much as when he attempts to deceive God.—*Caryl.*

The devil comes to the sea by the river, and to the heart by the eye.—*Old Proverb.*

How shall the dead arise is no question of my faith: to believe only posiibilities is not faith, but mere philosophy:—*Sir T, Browne.*

If man can by art make of ashes the curious glass, why cannot an omnipotent God, of dust and ashes, make glorified bodies fair as crystal?—*Lowe.*

Power against us is granted to Satan in two ways; either for our punishment, when we yield to temptation; or to our glory, when we stand the test.—*St. Cyprian*

We have not a republic; we have not a democracy; we have not even a respectable male aristocracy; we have only a liquor oligarchy. Webster defines a democracy as a government of the people; ours is a government of only half the people so long as woman has no voice in it. If all power inheres in the people, you yourselves, my brothers. are shorn of half your power so long as woman is not permitted to share it. In the beginning it was not so. "Male and female created He them," and gave them dominion over all the earth. Here He defines the character of that humanity He was cradling in the new-made world. Here in the beginning of the Bible we have it all in a nutshell; the closing utterances of the blessed book and grand prophetic vision all along the pages reiterate it.

Dear sisters, when you talk about the worship you receive from yonr brothers do you forget the two hundred thousand licensed schools of vice in our country? Do you realize that this makes your door-yard fence the dead line beyond which your boy passes only at peril of his soul? Women of old were held accountable for national vice. "Woe unto you women that are at ease in Zion." Will not God sit in judgment against you, who, amid brighter light and infinitely greater privileges, sit at ease in Zion while such snares are laid for souls? Can you make no better returns to the good men who have made your lives so sheltered and secure, than darned lace and crazy quilts?

The world is looking on at America's experiment of self government. The women of this nation must do their duty or this experiment will prove a failure. I believe this is the last great struggle which the race is to make for freedom—this struggle for the right of woman; that secured, the perpetuity of the nation is secure.

MRS. ZERELDA G. WALLACE.

THE BIBLE ABOUT THE BOTTLE.

Abstain from all appearance of evil.—1 Thess. v. 22. Be not among winebibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh. For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.—Prov. xxiii 20, 21.

Strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?—Prov. xx. 1; xxiii. 29.

They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.—Prov. xxiii. 30, 31.

At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth, like an adder.—Prov. xxiii. 32.

"A man may not drink at all, but he may be under the influence of the liquor spirit. He will say: 'I am a temperance man. but I am in business and the liquor people deal with me, so I won't say anything against it.' Now, what influence is he under? It's the same with many a politician. He's afraid he wont get votes, so he is silent on the liquor question. When a minister or a teacher refuses to speak out on this question, he is ruled by the liquor interests. The drunkard who votes for prohibition is a freer man than the total abstainer who carries water on both shoulders and then votes for liquor, or to put it in the harness of high license. Just as the saloon keeper must answer for every glass he sells, so we must answer for voting for liquor. It is simply a question of whether or not we are in favor of the saloon. It isn't a question of high license. The quibble that prohibition does not prohibit has nothing to do with it. The law against stealing does not prevent stealing. The same power that puts the Amendment on our Constitution will attend to the enforcement of the law. It is our duty to make it as difficult to get liquor as it is to get poison.

THE December *Century* will be a great Christmasn umber, with a new cover, printed in green and gold. Among its special attractions will be seven complete stories by Edward Eggleston, Thomas Nelson Page, Hopkins Smith and others. It will contain a number of fine engravings of sacred pictures by well-known artists, including a frontispiece by Danan-Bouveret, Abbott H. Thay "Virgin Enthroned," Blashfield's "Ringing the Christmas Bells,' and a Madonna by Frank Vincent DuMond.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

JOHN G. WHITTIER long ago wrote of *St. Nicholas*. "It is little to say of this magazine that it is best childrens periodical in the world," Edward Eggleston, the author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," says of it, "There is not one of the numbers that does not stir the curiosity, inform the memory, stimulate thought, and enlarge the range of the imagination." Founded in 1873, and from the first number edited by Mary Mapes Dodge, *St. Nicholas* is now entering upon its twentieth year. The most famous writers have contributed to its pages in the past, but never has its editor been able to offer a better program or a more distinguished list of contributors than for 1893.

There is to be a series of illustrated papers on "The Leading Cities of the United States,"—the story of each city told by a prominent resident. Edmund Clarence Stedman will write of New York; Thomas W. Higginson, Boston; New Orleans will be described by George W. Cable and Baltimore by President Gilman, of the John Hopkins University. Dr. Lyman Abbott will tell the story of Brooklyn, and ther cities will be treated by other famous men. There will be articles on the World's Fair, and a number of pages of funny pictures and humorous verses.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, the well-known author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," etc., will contribute the leading serial for *St. Nicholas* during the coming year. The November number opens with a three-page poem by John G. Whittier, which has in it some beautiful lines the good Quaker poet has ever written, describing the visit of a party of young girls to his home.

The *School Journal* says, "Place *St. Nicholas* in your household, and need have no fears for the lessons taught your children." The magazine is the greatest aid that the teacher and the conscientious parent can possibly have. It entertains, and at the same time educates and instructs. The subscription price is $3 a year. Remittances may be made directly to the publishers, The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York.

THIS MEANS SOMETHING.

There is no gift to be compared with health. None realize this like the sufferer from some chronic on long-standing disease. To such the gift of renewed health is priceless. And yet it is within the reach of all such sufferers. The great specialist in the cure of all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, Dr. Greene, of 35 W. 14th Street, New York, who has long stood at the head of the profession, has decided to give consultation and advice hereafter free. His medicines are all purely vegetable and harmless and his success in curing diseases is unequalled. His wonderful discovery Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is probably the greatest medical discovery of the age. Remember, sufferer, that you can write him a description of your case and he will return a carefully considered letter, fully explaining your disease, giving advice, etc., without charge of any kind. Send for his symptom blank to fill out, and follow his advice if you want to be cured,

READERS.

Mrs. Harrison could not have left a more loving memento to the women of America then the work she did for them before her last sickness, It is a magnficent work of art, a Bunch of Orchids, painted by her in the White House, from an orchid raised in the White House. It is lovingly dedicated to the mothers, wives, and daughters of America; and the reproductions are so perfect, that last August, when a proof was submitted to Mrs. Harrison at Loon Lake, for her approval, she thought it was her own original painting. DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE has the honor of being the medium through which these valuable pictures (12x15 inches) were presented to, the women of America. They are not for sale; but we will now send to any mother, wife, or daughter, who will enclose three two-cent stanps to pay for transporation, packing, etc. These exqusite mementoes, bearing Mrs. Harrison autograph and portrait, will soon be beyond price, and should be secured at once. Address DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE, 15 East 14th Street, New York.

Have you ever suffered that excruciating torture known only to persons who have experienced the paroxysms of gout? Salvation Oil in connection with the alkaline treatment usually prescribed by physicians will produce a most wonderful effect

From N. Y. Recorder, Oct 7, 1892.

REMINGTONS ARE ON TOP.

CHICAGO, Oct. 5.-Major Handy of the Department of Publicity and Promotion has ordered fifty Remington tybewriter from Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict, for the use of press representatives at the dedicatory ceremonies of the World's Columbian Exposition on the 21st inst.

An equal number of expert operators will be engaged for this service.

RUDYARD KIPLING will contribute an Indian fairy story to an early number of *St. Nicholas*

ESTIMATING JAY GOULD'S WEALTH.

Even His Old Brokers Are Unable to Give Any Reliable Figures.

"How much is Jay Gould worth? I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps he could tell if he wanted to, but I don't believe anybody else could—not even the brokers who have acted for him for years." It was an old Wall street man who spoke—one of the great number, says the N. Y. *Herald*, who once had money, but who now have none; one of those men whose experience in the financial whirl has been varied and exciting; one of the many who expect to be rich again, to again own fast horses and costly bric-a-brac, to again negotiate in thousands, who may, indeed, retrieve themselves, and one of those who over a sociable glass invariable become reminiscent.

"But I can tell you," he went on, "of something that may give you an idea of the extent of his possessions now. Some years ago he was heavily long of the stock market. At the same time the impression had in some way gone abroad that he was in a hole for money. The impression was so strong, although as you will see, there was absolutely no foundation for it, that he and his brokers were seriously embarrassed. It was impossble to get rid of his stocks. Every time the market showed a little strength and some were offered, down it would go, and to hold it the stocks would have to be bought again. There seemed to be an agreement all over the country that at last an opportunity had come to squeeze Mr. Gould.

"It was apparent that something must be done to remove the impression, and this was what was done: One of Mr. Gould's most important brokers—he's dead now, poor chap—and a capitalist who was interested with him, caused the announcement to be made that they had been appointed a committee to inspect Mr. Gould's securities and ascertain his exact financial condition. It was not stated by whom they had been appointed, and of course their relationship with Mr. Gould was not generally known.

"The interest in their investigation was widespread among speculators and brokers. The result was announced by the broker. He stated that he and the capitalist had visited Mr. Gould's office and that Mr. Gould had displayed all of his securities. They had, he stated, counted over $30,000,000 worth ol them, actual market value, and had got tired and stopped when there were plenty more left. The effect of this was that the public concluded that Mr. Gould was practically impregnable, and when he got out of the deal he was in at a profit.

"But the broker told me more about it some time before he died. He said that as a matter of fact they had counted $75,000,000 worth of securities and there were more left. All of them were Jay Gould's actual property, made out in his name and bearing no indorsements whatever. which would show that he had not borrowed them. Now, that was several years ago. The prices of the securities of some of the corporations in which he is known to have held his interests have advanced from 50 to 75 per cent. What, then, is he worth to-day?"

"DONT TOBACCO SPIT OR SMOKE YOUR LIFE A WAY,"

is the name of a little book just received telling all about the *No-to-bac* wonderful, harmless, guaranteed cure for chewing, smoking-cigarette habit or snuff dipping. *No-to-bac* is the only *guaranteed* tobacco habit cure in the world-sold by druggists,-Mention this paper. THE STERLING REMEDY CO., 45 Randolph St., Chicago-or Indiana Mineral Springs Ind.' and get a book mailed free. Vol 23 No 44-13t

—The Bible class of the Presterian church, James A, Beaver, teacher, have determinated to start a library. They have formed a company in which each member obligates themselves to pay into the enterprise twenty five cents a month for the purpose of purchasing books; the books will be selected by the members at meetings held regularly for thatipurpose. The first lot of books was selected this week. A librarain is appointed, the books will be given out first to members of the company then to members of the classes and after that to the whole school, and a large congregation. Number of shares have been taken and the success of the enterprise is beyond doubt. The good result to come from such a project cannot be questioned. A Books that fill the minds of young and old with good thoughts, that fill us with an ambition to do good and be good, that give us knowiede of that which elevates and improves our minds and hearts, that reveal to us the hidden mystries of earth and sky, that broaden and strengthn e our unstanding should be read stuided by all-Such reading will make us better men and women.

—Miss Annie Bell, of near Fillmore, this county, a young lady 16 years old died last Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock. She was a daughter of Mrs. Jane Bell who lives near Linn station up Buffalo Run. She leaves a mother, brother and sister. The funeral took place Monday morning at eleven o'clock. She was buried in Meyer's grave yard. The sisters were twins and it is said that they had never been away from each other even for a single night. This being the case this death to this twin sister is an affliction harder to bear them ordinary deaths are. Death brings sorrow to the living but it is a grief we all have to bear.

—On Sunday morning at 10 o'clock an infant child of Mr. and Mrs. William Haines, who lives near the glass works died. The child was five months old. Funeral last Monday afternoon.

Ripans Tabules: a family remedy.

Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.

Ripans Tabules: one gives relief.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Consumption

That dreaded and dreadful disease! What shall stay its ravages? *Thousands say* Scott's Emulsion of pure Norwegian cod liver oil and hypophosphites of lime and soda has *cured* us of consumption in its first stages. Have you a cough or cold acute or leading to consumption? Make no delay but take

Scott's Emulsion cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, and all Anaemio and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Scott's Emulsion

AGENTS We want one in every town to handle the DEALERS

JACK FROST FREEZER.

A Scientific Machine made on a Scientific Principle. Sav their cost a dozen times a year. It is not mussy or sloppy. A child can operate it. Sells at sight. Send for prices and discounts.

29 Murray St., NEW YORK.

Makes Ice Cream in 30 Seconds.

"WHERE DIRT GATHERS, WASTE RULES."
GREAT SAVING RESULTS FROM THE USE OF
SAPOLIO

Iron City College.

NORTHWEST CORNER PENN AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET, PITTSBURG, PA
TWENTY-THREE THOUSAND GRADUATES.

The largest and most progressive Business College in the United States. Send for new illustrated catalogue giving full particulars, mailed free. Address,
36 8t J. C. SMITH'S SONS.

THE MAYBRICK CONTROVERSY.

ALTHOUGH the REVIEW OF REVIEWS does not attempt to sell copies by means of sensations, its timeliness in the treatment of live topics is really sensational in the best sense of the word; and, with this understanding of what is meant, the REVIEW OF REVIEWS may fairly be called a decidedly sensational magazine every month. The number for November has as its most sensation an article entitled "Ought Mrs. Maybrick to Be Tortured to Death?" The American public has heard a good deal about the circumstances under which Mrs. Maybrick was convicted in Liverpool, where she is now slowly dying in prison. The controversy over her case has risen almost to the dignity of an official international question. Mr. Steed, the English editor of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, has now undertaken to investigate the matter, and comes out with a strong article, taking the American side of the case. He shows that Mrs. Maybrick was condemned on insufficient evidence, and that her treatment is a scandal upon the name of English justice. Mrs. Maybrick is a young American woman, highly connected in this country, and her case has been stoutly championed by Mr. Blaine and all the leading people at Washington.

From Chicago Post, Oct .21, 1892

The Press Returns Thanks.

JACKSON PARK, Oct. 21 1892.-The entire press is under obligations to Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict for the excellent service rendered gratis by their fifty Remington Typewriters and expert operators at the dedication ceremonies. Only by the assistance of this efficient corps was it possible for the 750 press representatives to dispatch the exhaustive reports that have been wired to all parts of the world.

No flowery rhetoric can tell the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla as well as the cures accomplished by this excellent medicine.

AT BEDTIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERB DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LAXE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1.00 a package. If you cannot get it, send your address for free sample. Laxe's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy, this is necessary. Address, ORATOR F. WOODWARD, LeROY, N. Y.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

JESSE CLEAVER
SURVEYOR & CIVIL ENGINEER.

Has had many years experience locating lands and roads in Centre and adjoining counties. Reference if desired. Has timber land for sale.

Unionville, Fleming P. O., Centre Co., Pa. Telephone to A. J. Griest's Store.

FAVORITE SINGER!
Warranted for Five Years.

LOW ARM ONLY $20

HIGH ARM $25.00.

OUR FAVORITE SINGER

Drop Leaf, Fancy Cover, Large Drawers, Nickel Rings, Tucker, Ruffler, Binder, Four Widths of Hemmers

Sent on trial. Delivered in your home free of freight charges. Buy only of Manufacturers. Save Canvassers' Commissions. Get New Machines. Address for Circulars and Testimonials.

Co-Operative Sewing Machine Company, 269 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BOOTS & SHOES.

JOHN M. COBLE,
LEMONT, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order, at two dollars less a pair than than the same can be purchased in Bellefonte or any other large town.

First class work and material. Nothing cheap but the price. Satisfaction guaranteed in fit and style.

All I ask is one trial, I know that after that I shall have your trade.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS AS ABOVE
V23 N27 tf

EUREKA!

OUR MOTTO:

Quick Sales and Small Profits.

The EUREKA CASH GROCERY, Bush Arcade Block, is the place to buy Groceries GOOD AND CHEAP. We have always been selling goods at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES bu now we intend to do better than ever and will sell goods at prices that will astonish everyone. Times are hard and we cannot expect to make much. Below we quote you a few of our prices to show that we mean business.

3 cans of Corn for 25 cts.; 3 cans of Peas 25 cts.; 3 cans of Lima Beans for 25 cts.; 6 bars of Soap 25 cts.; Coffee 23-25-26-28-35 cts. per pound; 1 package Mince Meat 11 cts.; Mixed Tea (a number one quality) only 40 cts. per pound; Soup Beans 6 cts. per quart.

The above is a fair sample of our prices. Call and be convinced.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.
HIGH STREET, - - BELLEFONTE
M. P. TUTEN, PROPRIETOR.

JOE'S PARTNERS.

From the time he settled in the camp he was forever picking up the stragglers who came along, no matter how ill-favored or unsavory they appeared, and now and then taking one into partnership—generally with the result of finding himself cheated and deserted within a few week's time—but just as cheerfully trying the experiment over when the next tramp came along, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his friends.

"Some of them toughs'll cut your throat one of these nights for the sake of the dust you've got," they predicted.

"No need of that, when they're welcome to it without," answered Joe.

He was an easy-going individual, whose work only sufficed to keep his wants well supplied, though there were men who declared that if they had Joe's claim they would grow rich from it.

The wonder was that no one of his partners had stuck long enough to test the fact.

"Joe's too confounded lazy himself to get down to business with his pick and shovel, and them vagrants—thar's no good in the whole kith and kin of them," the camp pronounced. "They never calkilated to do nothin' but impose on his good nature; and I tell you what, boys, it's no credit to the camp to have them hangin' round, and I propose, if he don't let up on his promiscuous charity, to be one of the committee that'll warn him to get out. He may be willin' to run the risk of bein' robbed and murdered hisself, but 'taint fair to ask all the rest of us to do the same."

"Time enough to talk when somebody's been robbed and murdered," said Joe, when the speech was reported to him.

And it was not more than a week later that news went around that Joe had taken another partner.

"Nigher to bein' a cadaver than a live man, to judge by his looks," declared the informant. "I reckon that Joe, at last, has got holt of the angel he's been lookin' out to entertain unawares. He'll be goin' to jine 'em afore long, anyway. Do to start a graveyard with, seein' as Tipsy Bill disapp'inted us by jumpin' into Deep river when he got the jams, and Big Saul was run out of camp afore he killed his man. Be to our credit if we get a nateral death to start with."

This favoring view of the case was helped along when they found Joe laboring alone on his claim, a day or two afterward.

"Pard's laid up to-day," he imparted. "Got the consumption, boys, and is 'most gone with it. Coughs dreadful of nights, an' has a bit of a girl wife waitin' for him to go back to her. I'm a-goin' to work double turns to make up his pile for him, and if any of youuns wants to help, here's the chance for you. I ain't axin' it out of your pocket, understand, but in work on the claim."

And Joe got the promise from every man present to do his share.

Was it any wonder, then, that their indignation rose, on their return to camp, to find their cabins rifled of their ready dust and the consumptive gone, leaving no trace behind him?

Joe was the most crestfallen man of the lot.

"I wouldn't have believed it," he declared. "If you can make up your losses out of my claim, boys, I'll be glad to have you do it. I've got to give it up now; you was right and I was wrong 'bout pickin' up strangers that way."

"Then let it be a lesson to you, Joe. We'll forgive and say no more about it, if you won't take up with any more pardners."

And Joe promised readily.

A month went by, and then one day he appeared before them.

"I want you to let me off on my word, boys. 'Tain't in natur' to run him off—just a bit of a boy; no harm in him. You'll say so, I know."

And in spite of their prejudices they did say so, for the pale lad, who scarcely looked more that sixteen, touched their warm hearts with a feeling of pity, and he speedily became a favorite among the men, so willing was he to render any service, so eager to be of use about the camp.

"Let me cook for the lot of you!" he begged. "I'm a famous hand at it; my mother taught me how. And I'll tidy up your cabins better'n you keep them. You can try me first, and then pay me what you like in dust. I'll have time enough aside from workin' pardners with Joe."

Which turned the laugh against Joe, whose time was given more to his pipe than his claim.

The boy Andy was soon quite at home all over the camp. He was as good as a woman around, the men declared, which remark Andy rather resented.

"I'd ruther have you say I'm an improvement over Joe's other pardners, but mebbe you'll be runnin' me out some day like you wanted to do with them."

"It all depends on how you behave yourself, you know. If we catch you foolin' around our dust like the last chap did, we'll do wus'n run you out."

A night or two after that Joe sat suddenly upright in his bunk, wondering what had wakened him.

"Andy!" he called, with his heart thumping strangely.

No answer. Andy was not in his bunk, but his place there was warm.

Fearing something, he scarcely knew what, Joe hurried out just as he was—half-dressed but bootless—and making no sound, came close upon a group that moved from one of the cabins.

"I was awake and saw him at the job!" a man's low voice declared excitedly. "I'd left a light burning, as I didn't feel well and I swar it was Andy. I was too thunderstruck to say a word. Slippery little rascal! But when he lit out, I follered. He took up the hill towards Beagle's *cache*, and I routed you'uns out so you could see for yourselves. We'll be in time to catch him if we hurry up."

But the unseen listener was quicker than they. Running lightly, he came first upon the boy and caught him by the arm, dragging him along.

"They're onto you, Andy; you'll have to skip! What did you do it for? But thar, make tracks; for they'd be hard on you, they've been fooled so often. They're comin'! Run now, run and I'll cover your trail!"

Panting all this as they ran side by side, Joe gave the boy a push at the last, and himself turned in the direction of his cabin, showing himself to the pursuers just enough to draw them upon his trail.

But he halted at his own door and faced them, saying:

"Now, then, what is it you want?"

"You, Joe—'twan't you back thar? 'Course not. It's Andy we want, and don't you stop us."

"It was me you run down from Beagle's *cache*, if that's what you mean," declared Joe, coolly. "You've poor eyes if you don't know me from Andy, even in the dark."

His tactics did not work, however, for Joe's honesty was too well known to be doubted.

"Pshaw, boys, he's given' you a bluff! It was Andy I seen. Out of the way, Joe, or this here'll speak!"

"Let it!"—from Joe.

Then there was a scuffle, cut short by a revolver shot, for the miner who had seen himself robbed, as he believed, was now thoroughly aroused and careless as to consequences.

There came a cry from the near darkness,

"Don't shoot! I'm here. Oh, Joe, are you hurt?"

Joe had started and staggered back, leaning against the wall, but now he groaned, less from pain than at finding Andy beside him.

"You'd orter'a got. I'm afeared I can't save you now."

"Save me from what, Joe! I've done nothing wrong. You men, what is it you think?—that I've been robbing you? Go home and look at your dust. You'll find more there than you had of your own, for I've been paying back as I can what was taken from you by Joe's last pardner. I did it this way because I didn't want to tell you that he was my—my—"

"I reckon we know," broke in one of the men, quicker-witted than the rest. "Mebbe your name's Annie instead of Andy. See here, boys, I believe this is all right, but one of you go look to make sure, and I'll 'tend to Joe while you are gone."

It was all right, and Joe's wound was not serious, and some time afterward this news was passed through the camp:

"Joe's took a life pardner this time. One he tried before, so he knows what he's about. She's a brick, that Annie. Paid back every stiver of that dust in spite of us.

"Soon for a weddin'? Not, considerin' that she scarcely knew number one at all. He wasn't so bad a feller either, to up an' marry her out of pity, when her daddy died and left her alone; then sot out to look for work, and went off with quick consumption, lik we know. Can't say I blame him for cribbin' the means to get home to her, first,

"She's made a better choice this time, for Joe ain't lazy any more; has something to work for now, he says. Tell you what, boys, come to the last, Joe's made a ten-strike in his pardner!"—*Philadelphia Saturday Night.*

In a Garden.

Before I made my garden, O, I was a happy man;
I read the seed store catalogues, and joyfully would plan
How lots of luscious vegetables I easily could raise,
And figured up the profits that they say a garden pays.

Of patent fertilizers, fancy garden tools, and seeds
I bought about as many as a Western farmer needs;
I hired men that wouldn't work, and rising with the lark,
I dug till time for business, and finished in the dark.

After I made my garden, O, I was a woful man;
The chickens scratched my pretty beds, the dogs across them ran;
The cats fought battles on them, the cows ate all the corn,
And hogs that tried to bite me always rooted there at morn.

Then came a drought that burned to dust my garden; then a flood
And pelting hail and hurricane turned everything to mud.
Then, like the plagues of Egypt, swarmed upon me flies and bugs,
Inch worms, moles, cut worms, locusts, caterpillars, crows, and slugs.

All summer long I wrestled, while my perspiration drops
I think would fill the barrels I had ready for my crops;
And though I wasn't able to supply one dinner's needs,
I took the prize of champion for raising famous weeds.

Before I made my garden, O! I was a happy man;
But afterward my troubles and experiences began.
Now, if some city greenhorn like myself would care to reap
The profits of a garden, I will sell out very cheap.

—H. C. Dodge.

Three Close Shaves.

It is human nature for people in a crisis to imagine themselves as playing the most important role. This is well illustrated by an anecdote told by a naval officer of his first experience under fire during the civil war.

He was a midshipman at the time, just out of the Academy, and his vessel was engaged in destroying a blockade runner aground near the entrance of Mobile Bay. Suddenly the harassed enemy awoke into animation and returned the fire. A shot from a rifled gun on the beach came hissing through the air, passed over the Union vessel, and buried itself in the water just beyond.

"I was stationed on the forecastle," said the narrator, "and, I give you my word, I thought that shot was coming straight for my head, or, at any rate, was going to graze it. My first impulse (an uncontrollable one) was to dodge, which I promptly did; my next was to feel ashamed of myself and to glance carefully around to ascertain whether any one had observed my discomfiture. A consoling sight met my eyes. The Captain and First Lieutenant, aft on the poop deck, were just straightening into a more completely upright position, and I overheard the Captain remark to his companion, in a tone expressive of some relief: 'By George! that was an awful close shave, you know. The confounded thing must have passed just over our heads.' While I was trying to reconcile this statement with my own sensation, I heard an Irishman, who occupied a position between the two points, exclaim, in reference to the same missile: 'Begorra, b'ys, I cud have caught it in me hat!'"—*Argonaut.*

ONE OF CALIFORNIA'S WONDERS.

A Natural Whispering Gallery in Lassen Country—A Soldier's Story.

"The queerest country I ever saw," said Simon Askins, for twenty-eight years soldier on the American frontier to a San Francisco *Examiner* man, "is that immediately about Dry lake in Lassen County. I was a sergeant there under General Wheaton during the Modoc war. Dry lake usually has no water in it at all. It is almost an arid plain, with some alkali scattered here and there over it, and its area is about two and a half by four miles. On one side are the Pitt river mountains and on another are big pine woods, while to the west are the famous lava beds in which the Indians hid during that last great California struggle with the savages. Well, a winding road leads up from the valley below into the curious basin. If a horse walk on this road anywhere, even two or three miles outside the border of Dry lake, he can be heard for many and many miles up in the interior. The ground all about there sends forth a hollow sound. Reverberation can be heard everwhere. Whether there are any caves or lost river's there I cannot say, but though I have been almost everwhere on the frontier I never found anything like it. A football may be heard like a sound in a great cavern.

"Many a night when, as a soldier on duty, we anticipated an attack from the Indians or the arrival of couriers or supplies, I have put my ear to the ground. If a horse was moving about anywhere within miles he could at once easily be detected. This enabled us to put ourselves in an attitude of defense. It is a great gallery, a whispering gallery it may be called, where the acoustics are so perfect that anything said is published to the world. All the country about there has ears. Even the caw of a crow or the notes of a songster takes on a weird sound.

Habits of Birds.

Why some birds which could pick up food among us all the year round should leave when food is plentiful, while others with similar ways of life remain is still a mystery. It is easy to understand that species which prey on fresh-water fish and on frogs should seek other quarters when the ponds are frozen and the frogs are buried in the clay. But it is not quite so clear why the swallow and fly-catcher leave a region where there is perpetual summer and winged food in abundance to risk a long journey over sea and land, only to find a great scarcity of the same kind of food.

And it is equally puzzling that the seed and fruit eaters who since October have been fattening among the gardens of Algeria and Egypt should suddenly in March or April be seized with such an inordinate craving for a change of diet as to fly 3,000 miles on the chance of picking up the short commons of an English spring. Perhaps it will be found that migration is natural to all birds and is greater or less as circumstances may determine.

Every animal shifts its quarters according to the plentifulness or scarcity of food. Even our residents move up and down the country at different periods of the year, living in the lowlands in the winter and in the uplands in the summer, and it is well known that all winter there is a continual drifting of the birds from the continent to our islands, according to the weather.—*London Standard*

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I have been a great sufferer from dry catarrh for many years, and I tried many remedies, but none did me so much benefit as Ely's Cream Balm. It completely cured me. M. J. Lally, 39 Woodward Ave., Boston Highlands, Mass.

After using Ely's Cream Balm two months I was surprised to find that the right nostril, which was closed for over twenty years, was open and free as the other, and can use it now as I could not do for many years. I feel very thankful.—R. H. Cressengham, 275 18th St. Brooklyn.

Ripans Tabules: see advertisement.

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Laurel Ave., San Francisco, May 18, 1892.

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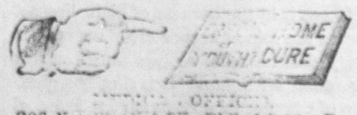

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DICK TOBIN'S PLUCK.

"If I only had a decent gun now," murmured Dick Tobin half aloud. "Here's the shootin' season just comin' on, an' all I've got is that old muzzle-loader pap and grandpa used in their time. An' Jim Ferris says $15 will buy a dandy breech-loader down at town. It might as well be $50. Pap won't give me the money, so there's an end of it."

From the old tavern window where Dick stood the clearing sloped to the river's edge, and beyond the sparkling stream, rubbed into ripples by the rude autumn breezes, rose the forest all golden and scarlet in the afternoon sun, stretching away in sloping hillsides and sharp ridges until it faded dimly into the blue October haze. It was a view suggestive of hunting, and to Dick it was doubly tantalizing, for well he knew that over in the woods and hollows the pheasants and rabbits were rustling the dead leaves and up on the sunny slopes the quail were feeding.

Dick was only 17, but from the time he was 10 years old he handled a gun, and the free outdoor life in his mountain home had given him a perfect knowledge of woodcraft.

His father had kept the old tavern for more years than Dick could remember. It was really only a backwoods store, where the few lumbermen at the settlement and the trappers in the neighborhood bought powder and shot, tea and tobacco. Once in a great while a belated trapper or a hunter from the far-off cities stopped over night.

Jake Tobin's tavern it was still called, though no strong drink had been sold there for years. Dick's mother had died when he was a baby, and Dick had a vague knowledge that the cessation of the liquor traffic dated from that sad event.

On this particular October afternoon Dick was alone. His father was down the river salmon-fishing and would hardly return before sundown. No customer had been near the store all day, so Dick had plenty of time to think, and all he thought about was that much-coveted gun that Jim Ferris had described to him. He fully understood the possibilities of a breech-loader, for with his old musket he had missed many a fine chance through the loss of time in reloading, and he really felt as though life would in future be all bitterness without that much-desired gun. So he continued to stare very gloomily out on the autumn landscape, the little frown on his brow deepening as the faint report of a gun echoed once or twice over the distant hills—a tantalizing sound in his present frame of mind.

Presently the creaking sound of wheels caused him to forget his troubles, and, running out on the porch, he saw coming down the rough mountain road a lumber-wagon, driven by two grizzled old mountaineers, Silas Heck and Luke Carter. As they drove up to the tavern door Dick noticed in the wagon what appeared to be a big wooden box.

"Hullo there youngster! Is your pap in?" demanded Luke Carter, jumping to the ground and hitching the mule to a young sapling.

"No, he's gone fishin'," replied Dick.

"Gone a-fishin', be's he?" cried Luke. He hesitated a moment and then said, briskly, "Wa-al, I reckon you'll do jist as well. You see me an' Silas here is goin' down ter town tomorrow, an' we hev a package to put up here over night. We got a panther in that box. Catched it in a trap day afore yisterday, and we ought to git a good price for it, bein' it's alive an' kickin'. Jest tell us whar to put it an' we'll tote it right inside. It won't do ter leave it outdoors, fur all the dogs in the settlement'll get wind of it."

"Get out you brute," he cried, snapping his whip at a mangy-looking hound that had come up unseen and was sniffing about the wagon with bristling hair.

Dick looked at the big box with sudden interest. He hardly knew what answer to make, for no guest of that kind had ever been accommodated at the tavern before.

"Hurry up, youngster," cried Luke. "It's gettin' late, an' we're goin' across the river ter Bill Williams' yet ter night."

"Bring her in, then," said Dick, "an' put it in the room at the end of the hall."

Luke and Silas wanted no further invitation. With much puffing and blowing they carried the box up the porch and shoved it roughly along the hall. Dick ran ahead and opened the door. It was a small apartment, furnished with a rude bed, but there was no other place in the house, and Dick certainly didn't want the animal in the store-room. So the cage was shoved up against the wall and they all came out and shut the door.

"You needn't feed it, youngster," said Luke. "It was fed this mornin', and that'll do till ter morrow."

"They put up the mule and the wagon in the tumbled-down barn at the rear of the house, to wait on their return a couple of days later, and then started off to visit their old crony across the river, promising to appear bright and early in the morning, for they were going down to the town forty miles away, in a batteau.

They had hardly been gone ten minutes when Dick saw his father coming up the slope with a gun on his arm.

"I've been follerin' a flock of quail fur a mile back, Dick," he said as he entered the tavern, "an' I didn't get a shot. I left the boat down at the mouth of Possum run, an' I guess you'd better go down an' bring it up. Don't lose the fish. There's a pair of the biggest salmon you ever seen, an' a fine lot of bass besides." Dick started away at once, forgetting all about the panther in his eagerness, and Mr. Tobin, Sr., pulling off his big boots, was about to light his pipe and enjoy a good rest when a shadow darkened the doorway, and, looking up, he saw before him the tall, gaunt figure of Torpetus Van Kling, an old trapper who lived some miles back in the heart of the mountains. He responded to the tavern-keeper's greeting with a brief "Howdy, Jake," and, calling for a pound of crackers and a slice of cheese, he sat down on the counter and began to munch them slowly.

"Bound fur towu?" asked Jake finally."

"Yes," said the trapper, with his mouth full; "goin' down fur powder an' shot."

A moment's silence, and then Jake said slowly, with an injured air: "You can buy it right hyer on the spot. You ought to patronize home trade, Torpetus."

The trapper took another bite of cracker and said slowly: "Yes, an' pay for it twict over. Times are hard, an' money is money;" and with this oracular assertion Torpetus stowed the balance of his lunch into his big pocket and rose to his feet. "Kin I hev a night's lodgin'?" he demanded.

"I 'spose, so," said Jake. "Air ye ready ter turn in?"

"Yes, I recon I am, fur I'll start afore daylight."

"Waal, the bed's ready. You kin find yure way. Straight down the hall, fust door. Mebbe you'll hev a candle, Torpetus; thar's no light, you know, only that small winder up along the wall."

The trapper scouted the idea of light, and, hanging his rifle on the deer antlers over the window, he strode off down the hall. Jake heard the heavy oaken door closed and bolted, and then he stretched himself out on the bench to wait for Dick and ruminate at his leisure on the old trapper's refusal to patronize home trade at a loss to his pocket.

* * * * * *

Possum run was a mile or more down the river from the tavern, and by the time Dick reached the boat darkness was creeping on very fast.

He spent a full minute admiring the fish, which were indeed beauties, and then started on the return journey, pushing the narrow, canoe-shaped boat rapidly up stream with a long pole.

When he staggered up the slope an hour later, bending under the weight of the fish, a bright light shone in the tavern window, and from the open door floated an enticing odor of coffee and fried potatoes.

His father was busy over the stove, but he looked up when Dick entered and asked gruffly: "What kept you so long? Go clean the smallest bass and we'll have him for supper. Whose mule an' wagon is that in the shed?" he added. "Seems ter me it looks familiar."

"O pap, I clear forget to tell you," cried Dick. "Luke Carter and Silas Heck was here while you were away an' they put up the team, and went across the river, an' they left——"

"Went across the river, did they?" interrupted the father. "Why couldn't they put up here, I'd like ter know? However, it don't matter, fer old Van Kling has the extra room. He's on his way ter town to buy powder an' shot instead of——why, Dick, what ails you? You're as pale as a sheet."

"O pap," gasped Dick excitedly as the situation flashed over him, "there's a panther in the back room—a live panther in a box. I was going to tell you all about it, and——"

"A panther in the back room. Why what do you mean, lad?"

Dick began to stammer out an explanation, but without waiting to hear the end his father pulled down his rifle from the hooks and hurried to the end of the hall. He tried the door, but the bolt was shoved. More from force of habit than from necessity the trapper had made all secure before turning in.

Then he rapped gently, calling in a low whisper, "Torpetus, air ye there? Git up an' open the door."

A drowsy response came from within. Then a bolt rattled in its fastenings, and as the tavern-keeper shook the door, puzzled to find it still fastened, an angry scream was heard, followed instantly by a heavy fall and a scuffling noise.

"O pap," Dick cried in an agony of terror, "he's opened the wrong door in the dark an' the panther's got him." The uproar suddenly increased, the old trapper's voice now mingled with the snarls of the enraged beast.

Jake threw himself against the door, but it held firm. "No use, Dick!" he groaned. "It's too strong for that. Do your best, Torpetus!" he shouted, loudly. "And now, Dick," he added, run and try the shutter, while I git upon the room an' open the trap-door."

Poor Dick hurried with all his might round to the outside, but the one window that gave access to the room was tightly barred from within. The house had been built in a time when Indian attacks were not uncommon, and every part of it was strong and substantial. With fast-beating heart he listened for a brief second to the loud outcry that still continued within, and then, as a voice called loudly, "Dick! Dick!" he pulled himself into a big tree that stood by the house and dropped from the overhanging limbs to the roof. His father was standing, ax in hand, beside the open trap, from which came a succession of furious snarls and a strange, ripping noise.

"I'm afraid it's all up with him, Dick," he said, huskily, "for I've called him and he don't make no answer. I'd go down if I could go through the trap, but——" he looked ruefully at his muscular bulk and then at the narrow door cut between the heavy beams. Dick stood still in mute despair. "What shall we do, pap?" he cried. Suddenly a daring plan flashed into his mind. "Hold on, pap!" he shouted; and throwing himself into the tree he dropped quickly to the ground. He was back in two minutes with a big coil of rope and a couple of resinous torches, such as are used for deer-stalking at night. He cut the rope in two with the ax, and fastening one part with nervous fingers under his arms he made a running noose on the end of the other.

"Now, pap," he said bravely, "let me go down through the trap quick, and light that pine torch for me. The panther won't touch me when I'm carrying fire, an' I can slip the rope over his head just as easy as anything."

His father hesitated. "It won't do, Dick. I'm afraid it's teo late anyway. We'll have to smash that door in with a log."

Just then a faint cry for help came from the darkness below. "Do your best, Torpetus," he shouted down and then, laying hold of the rope, he whispered: "Go ahead then, Dick. When you holler I'll jerk up." The torch was speedily fired and Dick was lowered through the trap with the light in one hand and the noosed rope in the other. It was a situation in which a gun could not be used. For a moment he hung midway between the floor and the ceiling, dazed by the glare of the torch and conscious all the while of a fierce snarling close below him. When he finally gained a good view of the room by holding the light over his head his first impulse was to laugh, for a little to his left was the panther, screaming angrily and tearing with might and main at the old corn-husk mattress from off the bed, which lay in the middle of the floor, under which, coiled up in a knot, was the unfortunate trapper, holding it tightly over his body and uttering muffled appeals for help. But it was no laughing matter, for at every dig of the vicious claws the husks flew, and if some one didn't interfere pretty soon the hungry brute was going to make a supper off Torpetus Van Kling. Dick was quick to see this, and, taking a good hold on the noose, he was about to try a cast when the beast turned with snapping eyes and sprang upward. Just in time Dick dashed the torch down. The blazing brand struck the panther in the face, driving him with a howl of pain, to the corner of the room, but, unfortunately, slipping from Dick's hand, it fell to the floor, and lay burning brightly only a yard from the mattress.

But the brute was made valorous by hunger, and, with no idea of losing his supper, he sprang once more on poor Torpetus, making the husks fly, and lashing the floor with his long tail at every dig.

For a brief second the reddish brown back was turned toward Dick, swinging himself quickly to and fro in the air, he seized his chance and dropped the noose cleverly over the ugly head.

One quick, sharp jerk, a shout to the anxious watcher above, and then he shot upward, letting the rope slip through his fingers, but keeping it tightly stretched in spite of the furious struggles at the other end.

As he came out on the roof his father snatched the rope and hauled on it with all his might, shouting down through the trap: "Now's your chance, Torpetus! Make a run fur it, an' be sure ter shut the door."

Torpetus evidently did make a run, for in an instant the door was heard to bang violently, and, as Dick dropped through the tree to the ground, the old trapper reached the porch with his clothes hanging in tatters and his hands and face scratched and bloody.

"What kind of lodgers are you keepin' now, Jake Tobin?" he demanded, angrily. "It's a marcy I'm livin'."

Mr. Tobin deferred his explanation until the blazing torch had been put out by a bucket of water passed up to the roof by Dick, and then, leaving the half-choked panther to get rid of his hempen necklace as best he could, he shut the trap and came down to the ground just as Luke Carter and Silas Heck appeared on the scene.

Feeling uneasy about the safety of their prize, they had concluded to return to the tavern.

A general explanation took place, the sole result of which on Torpetus Van Kling's part was a contemptuous sniff and a fervent wish that all present might pass through a similar happy experience before they were much older.

His tale of his adventure was very thrilling. He had opened the cage by mistake, and, alarmed by the growls of the panther, had staggered back against the bed and seized the mattress just in time.

When he heard how he had been saved he patted Dick on the head and called him a brave boy—a tribute of praise which Dick accepted rather dubiously, remembering that his forgetfulness had caused all the trouble.

With much skill and a free use of hot irons the pugnacious panther was driven back to his box, and at daybreak the next morning he began his journey down the river in a batteau.

Torpetus accepted a seat in the boat as a partial reparation from Carter and Heck, and Dick watched them from the shore till they vanished round a bend.

When the old trapper returned on foot five days later he stopped at the tavern long enough to present Dick with a beauty of a gun—a breech-loader, of course—that Jim Ferris declared was better even than the one he had seen.

"The youngster deserved it," he said, "for many a man wouldn't a-taken such risks as that."

So Dick got his gun very unexpectedly, and the old muzzle-loader that had served three generations was laid away on the shelf to enjoy the rest that belongs to worthy old age.—*William Murray Graydon in Philadelphia Times.*

Jules Keller's Legs.

Jules Keller is the name of a famous gymnast who makes use of his arms for the purposes most people use their legs. With his hands he does all sorts of difficult things—walks, jumps, slides, perhaps dances and skates as well. His hands are not calloused, but smooth, firm, and supple.

Jules Keller is about twenty-six years old. He was born of poor parents in Prussia. When a lad he was apprenticed to a trapeze performer. At that time Jules had the use of a good strong pair of legs, and used them to advantage. When he was about twelve years of age he was performing in St. Petersburg with his master, who used to catch him as he swung off a trapeze. One night his master failed to catch poor Jules, who fell fifty feet striking upon hip, legs and back. They carried him home to his mother, and every one thought he was going to die.

But instead of dying, Jules recovered. He got back a little of the sense of feeling in his legs and feet, though he never would be able to walk upon them again. The strength which was crushed out of them found its way into his arms and hands.

He lay in bed three years. Then, to help himself, he began to practising walking and moving about upon his hands, with his helpless legs balanced in the air. He practised until he was sure that his body would follow unerringly the order of his fingers.

Then he resolved to utilize his new ability. He was able to run up and down stairs on his hands, and also slide down a baluster. He sought and found a public engagement to exhibit this "baluster feat." Of all the feats which this young man has since learned this remains the most popular.

Perhaps he never would have thought of doing these odd thing if his cruel misfortune had not forced him to find some way to help himself. But the same thing has happened to others besides Jules Keller—that what seemed at first the hardest thing in their lives becomes the cause of their final success.

Reading in Bed Hurts the Eyes.

Reading in bed is supposed to be injurious to the eyes on account of the recumbent position. Who does not propose "to take it easy" in the torrid weather—betaking himself to hammock, greensward or sofa with a congenial book as the acme of summer comfort and rest? In this case the body is generally in quite as recumbent a position as it is in bed; yet no one suggests that it is bad for the eyes in any way to read at one's ease. The real difficulty in this reading is the light. Beds are generally so placed that the eyes are shielded from the glare of the windows, and a single candle by which night readers are lighted is generally quite insufficient to prevent a certain strain on the eyes. "This said a physician to a New York *Tribune* reporter, "is undoubtedly the reason that reading in bed is popularly supposed to be particularly hurtful to the organs of sight, and if there is not enough good, clear light it certainly is. But with a good reading lamp that throws a distinct illumination on the book, reading in bed for one with strong sight is no more harmful than reading in an armchair."

Mudge—"Judge Billings is a remarkable easy man to get acquainted with, don't you think?" Yabsley—"I never noticed it." Mudge—"He is though. I hadn't known him for an hour before I borrowed a dollar of him, and inside of the next hour we got so well acquainted that he refused to lend me another one."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Over 2,000,000 postal cards are necessary to meet the daily demands in this country.

Paid Him to Sleep.

Some years ago a man living not many hundred miles from Medina was so foolish as to get drunk. He was not addicted to the use of liquor and he was surprised himself that he got so full. He was more surprised, however, when he sobered up to find in an inside pocket a deed to some Chicago land. It was made out in his own name and was quite perfect in its makeup. How it came to be in his pocket or where it came from he could not explain. He had not been talking real estate to any one while sober and knew of no one who had been with him.

The fact that he had been relieved of some money told him that some one had entertained the idea that an even exchange was no robbery. It was clear that the parties who had taken his cash had given him the deed. The manner in which he had gotten it told him that it was not prized over highly by the former owners. Like a sensible man, ashamed of the occurrence, he said nothing about the loss or find. He quietly paid the taxes on the property, which were not heavy, and never went to look at the land.

The best of it all happened the other day, when he received an offer of $20,000 for the property. The boom the Garden city is enjoying through the location of the World's Fair has increased the value of the property to this extent. The offer was refused and now the man is more deeply interest than ever in the land.—*Niagara Falls Gazette.*

When Charlemagne and his "Knights of the Round Table" were making war on the Saracens, in Africa, it frequently happened that Knights on either side would fight in single combat for the honor of their respective armies. The Saracens had been, for many years, the scourge—the dreaded invaders—of Europe, and all waged war against this common enemy.

But in these days the worst scourge that threatens us, is that dread invader, *Consumption.*

Consumption fastens its hold upon its victims while they are unconscious of its approach. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured thousands of cases of this most fatal of maladies. But it must be taken before the disease is too far advanced in order to be effective. If taken in time, and given a fair trial, it will cure, or money paid for it will be refunded.

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THE POSTMASTER

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Yours truly,
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The deposits of the savings banks of Cleveland have increased more than $4,000,000 in the last twelve months. The rate of gain is about 10 per cent. Meanwhile the increase in the population of the city has not been more than 7 or 8 per cent. The amount of deposits in proportion to the number of people in Cleveland must be larger, therefore, than it was a year ago. Beyond question, the splendid growth of the saving institutions of the city proves that the wage-workers, the artisans, the laborers, have bettered their condition very decidedly within the past year.—*Cleveland Leader.*

DON'T DESPAIR.

If you are weak and weary from some so-called chronic diseases, don't give up. Sulphur Bitters has given hope to many invalids, where hitherto there was nothing but despair. It will build up and renew your whole system.—*Editor Weekly American.*

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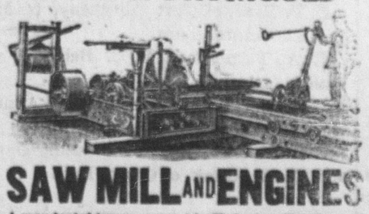

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READ UP		STATIONS.	READ DOWN	
No 35	No 41		No 32	No 38
P. M.				P M
1 35		Gazzam		2 25
1 27		Kerrmoor		2 33
1 18		New Millport		2 39
1 10		Olanta		2 47
1 00		Mitchells		2 56
12 20	P M		A M	
12 09	9 15	Clearfield	7 09	3 30
11 41	8 55	Woodland	7 19	3 50
11 34	8 48	Bigler	7 26	3 57
11 28	8 43	Wallaceton	7 42	4 03
10 55	L 7 50	Philipsburg	L 7 25	L 3 55
11 30	A 8 45		A 8 20	A 4 50
11 05	8 20	Munsons	7 55	4 25
10 42	7 55	Peale	8 21	4 51
10 17	7 33	Gillintown	8 44	5 14
10 09	7 25	Snow Shoe	8 52	5 22
9 02	6 27	Beech Creek	9 46	6 27
8 47	6 13	Mill Hall	10 00	6 42
8 41	6 07	Lock Haven	10 08	6 52
8 32	5 57	Wayne	10 15	7 03
8 10	5 35	Jersey Shore	10 35	7 25
7 35	5 00	Williamsport	11 10	8 00
A. M.	P M		A M	P M
A. M.	P M		A M	P M
7 15	2 56	Williamsport	11 55	11 00
11 30	11 33	Philadelphia	4 05	6 50
	10 08	New York via Easton	5 50	
7 30	8 35	New York via Phila.	8 30	9 30
P M	A M		P M	A M

ADDITIONAL TRAINS.—Clearfield Accommodation leaves Gazzam at 8.30 a m and 6.09 p m, arriving at Clearfield at 10.15 a m and 7.50 p m.

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Bellefonte Republican,

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—Don't fail to see Harry M. Markham, late of the Kittie Rhoades Comedy Co.

—It is a cold day when the republican party gets left. The next day it snowed.

—Miss May Barrett has taken a position as clerk in the store of J. A. Harper & Co.

—1000 bushel of potatoes wanted at the Enreka grocery, High St., Bellefonte. Bring your potatoes to the Eureka.

—It is a cold day when the republicans get left and that is what it was last Wednesday with about two inches of snow.

—The Prohibitionists polled a little over three hundred votes for their local ticket. This is quite a gain over former years.

—Bring your butter and eggs to the Eureka Grocery, High St., Bellefonte, next door to Post office. The highest prices paid.

—It is said that Bellefontes daily paper is not a paying institution. We have thought for some time they were running that paper just for fun.

—They had a grand party at the home of Mrs. Snyder at Eagleville a week ago last Monday many young people from Bellefonte were there.

—It is wonderful the number of wise people you can find now who knew two months ago just how the election was going. Oh, yes! they knew.

—The new church organ will be placed in the Presbyterian church on or about the first of December; the work of repairing the church is fast approaching completion.

—On Sunday afternoon an infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Holter, of Coleville, died. The child was five weeks old, the funeral took place Monday afternoon at two o'clock from the home of the parents.

—The proprietor of the *Daily Gazette* says that enterprise does not pay and unless there is a change that on the first of January the paper will be discontinued. We have been there and we can give our testimony that running a daily paper in Bellefonte is a slow way of making money

—Wanted at the Eureka Grocery High street, Bellefonte next door to post offlice, 1000 bushel of potatoes. We want Centre county potatoes. Several car load of these goods have been brought to town from a distance but we want the home product which is the best.

—It is said that when the extensive and elegant repairs now in progress in the Presbyterian church are finished and the new five thousand dollar organ is set up there will be a wedding. That the young couple are waiting for the building to be finished so that they can dedicate it to the godess of love.

—Mr. Chas. L. Miles, business Manager of Markham's Co., will present each and every lady in the city with an exchange ticket which upon presenting at box office will be exchanged for a reserved seat by paying but 15 cents. This will enable the ladies to get the best seats in the house for half price. Regular prices 10-20-30 cents. Seats now on sale at usual place. Also ladies exchange tickets.

—The funeral of Mrs. Josiah Johnson was held at the Reformed church at Zion last Friday morning, Nov. 11, Rev. Lohr of the Evangelical church officiating. Mrs. Johnson was an earnest christian and a consistent member of the Evangelical church. She leaves a husband and four children, three boys and one girl. The pall bearers were her three sons and three nephews. She was buried at Zion.

—A Bellefonte paper says that a certain gentleman went home last Wednesday evening "full up to the neck." That is all right; there have been a good many men who no doubt call themselves gentlemen, who have been "full" ever since the election, but decent people will hesitate to class them as gentlemen. Nineteenth century gentlemen do not get drunk. That is an accomplishment of the barbarous past.

—A young lad who lives with Mr. E. C. Humes, Esq., of this place, a student of Prof. Harrison's, only eleven years old, has attracted some attention by his skill and accuracy indrawing a map of South America which is said by those who have seen it to be quite an exhibition of talent. The boys name is James D. Parsons. He is a son of Mrs. Jennie Parsons, who for years worked in the family of Mr. Humes, where the lad now has a home.

—It was announceen in the Republican, about two weeks ago that D. S. Keller Esq, was to start for Achron, South Carolina, on a certain day.

Man proposes but God disposes." Mr. K. was not well enough to start on the day set, He did start, however, last Monday, Mrs. Keller accompanied him. His son Harry went as far as Tyrone. We hope that the balmy breezes of the south may restore to himhis health and strength that he may come back to us in the spring as well as ever. May God so will it is our prayer. He has many friends in this county who join with us in wishing him every blessing that health can give.

W. C. T. U. RECEPTION.

On Friday evening last the rooms of the W. C. T. U. were well filled with gentlemen and ladies both young and old who had been invited to be present at a reception given by the ladies of the W. C. T. U. organization. Miss Lulie Bayard gave those present the benefit of her skill as an organ ist, and soon a choir was organized which was composed of James Hughes, Mr Walker, Mr. Shaffer, the Misses Bayard, Dorworth, Strickland and others, who rendered several very pretty selections from the gospel hymn book which were much enjoyed by all. Mr. Chas. Noll, was then called upon to recite. The selection which he rendered was entitled "The Tramp." and so truthful was his rendition of the subject as to entirely fool Dr, Harris' pug dog who, as Charlie was greeted with loud applause barked vociferously and followed close at his heels until he was seated. This of course caused much meriment. Another selection being earnestly sought for by the audience, Mr. Noll finally gave, "In Bondage". This he rendered in his best style making a terrible picture of a man made a slave to alcohol, and longing to shake loose from the chains which bound him. Mr. Noll is a reciter of no mean ability and would no doubt, if inclination so led him, rank high among those already in the profession. More music was then rendered by the choir and then something that all could partake of was indulged in, it was the making way with the refreshments which had been prepared. During all this time the eye had been taking in a very cheery picture, it was the ladies about the gasoline stove, handling the large coffee pots, from which the fragrant steam of delicious coffee was escaping, and a large table spread with a snowy cloth and heaped high with delicious sandwiches all kinds of cakes, and handsome china which stood at one end of the room. Soon plenty of agreeable waiters served all present bountifully, and we don't know of more than one who declined the delicious coffee for hot water, and not too strong at that. Mrs. Jno. P. and Mrs. James Harris both deserve much praise as good coffee makers. While Mr. Lester Shaffer should also come in for some praise for the masterful manner in handling of the immense coffee pots. At about ten o'clock all had left the rooms confident that it had been an evening well spent.

THE IMMENSITY OF OUR CROPS.

The average yield of corn, according to the crop report of the Department of Agriculture, in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, is 22.4 bushels per acre, an aggregate of more than 1,600,000,000 bushels. The wheat crop of the United States this year in the aggregate indicates 500,000,000 bushels.

If the corn crop be smaller by four bushels per acre than last year, the disappointment will be tempered somewhat when it is noted that the acreage is also smaller. The immense aggregate of this year's crops is hardly grasped until we consider that it would require 10,000 large freight ships to move it across the ocean. Or, of the new freight cars, which have a capacity of 1,000 bushels (whereas that of the old was but 500), 2,100,000 would be needed to move the crop across the continent.

This string of cars, place one after another, would reach from the Atlantic at Halifax, Nova Scotia, to the Pacific at Puget Sound—about the widest part of our continent—thence to the Gulf of Mexico by way of San Francisco, and all the way back again!

This is a great country. Let every patriotic citizen labor to make it greater—and better.

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE.

C. L. Avery and wife to J. J. Wagner, lot of ground in Liberty township. Consideration, $100; deed dated October 3, 1891.

Thomas Foster and wife and others, lot of ground in College township. Consideration, $200; deed dated April 26, 1892.

John T. Fowler and wife to A, R. Price, lot of ground in Taylor township Consideration, $1; deed dated November 18, 1891.

Frederick Senson and wife to Joleson Warren, lot of ground in Union township. Consideration, $1450; deed dated July 19 1890.

Nancy J. Davis and wife to Z. B. White and others trustees P. O. S. A. Consideration, 50; deed dated August 6, 1892.

Green B. Shearer and others to Nathan J. Spangler, lot of ground in Liberty township. Consideration, 75; deed dated July 26, 1890.

MARRIAGE LICENSE.

Frank L. Black, of Huntingdon, to Lizzie Isenburg, of Yellow Springs, Blair Co., Pa.

William Bradford and Anna Mary Odenkirk, of Centre Hall.

C. R. Bard, of Port Allegheny, to M. S. Adams, Aaronsburg.

J. A. Barner and M. C. Beighdol, of Walker township.

Jacob Martz, of Philipsburg, and Annie Harper, of Rush township.

Oscar M, Lonberger, of Pleasant Gap, and Ella E Strunk, of Centre Hall.

—We have often had men come to our office to see a paper from some near or distant county saying they wanted to find the name of some lawyer there as they wanted to send to him for some service that he would do at that place. We have also had men come to scan the papers for the names of business men in every calling in order that they might write to them on business matters. An exchange whose editor has had the same experience and, we suppose, every editor can tell the same story, says: A gentleman came into our office the other day and asked for a Brookville paper. We gave him two and he scanned them both elosely trying to find the card of a certain lawyer, but in vain. If the lawyer had his card in the paper he might have profited by it. Some people can't see the benefits of advertising. A newspaper is a directory and every business man in town should have an advertisement in his local paper, even if it only contains his name, address and business. It will more than pay you every time."

SCHOOL REPORTS.

Following is a report of Knoll school for the month ending October 31st, 1892. Number of pupils enrolled—males 13, females 23, total 36. Those present every day were Laura Oyler, Blanche Oyler, Ethel Breth, Flowd Breth, Ketura Long and Warren Long. Those missing but one day were Annie Packer, Oscar Packer, and Nora Allen. Those not missing a word in spelling—Estella McCartney, Mattie Watkins and Arthur Yeager. Number of visitors 18. Parents and citizens are cordially invited to visit the school.

ALICE M. HEATON, teacher.

Following is the report of the Fairview school for the month ending October 31st, 1892. Number of pupils enrolled—males 7, females 15, total 23. Per cent. of attendance for school 90. Those present every day—Maggie B. Nyman, Lydia F. Nyman, Cora J. Shawley, Emma N. Watkins, Jennie F. Watkins, Olive B. Watkins, Ezekiel Lucas, Charles J. Lucas. Lizzie Confer missed but one day. All the pupils are to be complimented on their good conduct and industry in the pursuit of their studies. Parents and citizens are cordially invited to attend the school.

M. V. THOMAS, Teacher.

—The candidates on the county ticket at the late election have become perfectly acquainted with all the dead beats in Bellefonte and vicinity. There is not one of them that has not borrowed or tried to borrow a quarter from the candidate with no intention of ever paying it back and some of them have been drunk ever since the election on the proceeds of this kind of work. These vampires ought to be let entirely alone, they are the meanest and most contemptible characters that live on the face of the earth. They are the men who can be purchased for a drink of whiskey or a sum less than a dollar They are a corrupt sore on our body politic; they are mean, miserable curs, who boast loud about the vote they control when the contemptible brutes cannot control even their own vote. No decent man will attempt to borrow money from a candidate on the eve of an election or in fact any time after he is nominated. And really no honorable candidate can acceed to their mean demands. We hope candidates in the future will pay no attention to these men, they are unworthy attention from decent people.

MARRIED.—On Thursday, Nov. 10, at noon by the father of the bride, Rev. G. E. Adams, of Aaronsburg, Mr. Carlton R. Bard, of Port Allegheny, Pa., to Miss Sarah Maud Adams, of Aaronsburg. The bride is the second daughter of Rev. Adams. The ceremony was performed in the presence of a few relatives and friends. Refreshments were served. Aaronsburg band gave the young people a serenade after which they started on a bridal tour to New York and other eastern cities. When they return they will settle down to quiet married life at Port Allegheny where Mr. Bard is engaged in business.

MARRIED.

RAPP—BARGER—November 3, 1892 at the Lutheran parsonage, in Bellefonte, Pa, by Rev. Ed. Everett Houshour, Mr. J. D. Rapp, of Dysart, Pa., and Miss Mary Barger, of Snow Shoe, Pa.

MORRIS—PARSON—At the residence of Major H. H. Benner, No. 8 South New York Avenue, Atlantic City, New Jersey, at 7.30 o'clock p. m. November 7, 1892, John Gouldy, officiating, Mr. George Morris, of Atlantic City, N. J., to Miss Fannie Parson, formerly of Bellefonte, Pa.

Miss Parson was born and raised in Bellefonte and went with the family of Henry Benner to Atlantic City last spring. The young couple will make their home at Atlantic city.

MARRIED.

KLOTZ—BANEY—At 9.30 o'clocd p. m., Nov. 7th, 1892, at Atlantic City N, J., Mr John Klotz, of Atlantic City, N. J., to Mrs. Kate Baney, formerly of Bellefonte, Pa.

Mrs Kate Baney was the widow of Al. Baney who died several years ago. She has since then made her home with the family of Harvey Benner and went to Atlantic City with them last spring.

LETTER LIST

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., Nov 14 1892

Charles S. Fisher, G. F. Hunter, Josephine Milliers, Fannie Murphy, Joseph Smith, Geo. M. Tatum.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. FIEDLER, P. M.

—Go to the Eureka Grocery, High St., next door to post office, for your groceries.

WORK ON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH WELL DONE.

The workmen who have been employed for some time past in frescoing the Presbyterian church completed their contract last week and departed on the 5.20 afternoon train Friday for their homes. Before they went their work was inspected by the repairs committee and pronounced first class. The committee are Judge A. O. Furst, E. M. Blanchard, D. F. Fortney, Dr. R. G. Hayes and John C. Miller. A letter was prepared by Judge Furst with the approval of the committee and presented to the workmen for them to use in future, as mtght be to their advantage, as follows:

BELLEFONTE, Nov. 11th, 1892.

Mr. A. Quiring,

DEAR SIR.—We have examined the work of frescoing the church and chapel and we take pleasure in saying that you have completed the contract fully, and in every respect according to the spirit of the contract. We further say that the work, both in artistic design and execution is, in our judgment, first class in every particular. We think we have a beautiful interior in both church and chapel.

While we thus express our appreciation of your work, the committee desire to say that you have not only done your duty to the employers, but also to us, and you and your assistants have done it in such a pleasant and gentlemanly manner that we feel it our duty to express our thankfulness to you and your assistants and express our regrets at your departure from us.

Very truly yours,
A. O. FURST,
E. M. BLANCHARD,
D. F. FORTNEY,
R. G. H. HAYES,
J. C. MILLER,

Mr. Quiring, on behalf of the workmen, said that they were exceedingly thankful for this act of courtesy by the committee; that while in Bellefonte they had been kindly treated and had enjoyed a pleasant time; they were glad they had succeeded in doing their work to the satisfaction of their employers. Their intention had been from the first to do the best kind of work. Had it not they could not have well done otherwise as Judge Furst was at their heels every day to see that everything was right.

The carpenter work and painting is being pushed forward as fast as possible, the first by Mr. Bradley, the other by Mr. S. H. Williams. It is expected that the new organ will arrive and be set up about the 1st of December, then this society will have one of the handsomest temples of worship in the state.

DIED'—At Lemont, Thursday, Oct. 6, 1892 of diphtheria, Katie Houser Coble, daughter of John and Mary Coble, aged 6 years and 25 days.

Dear little Katie has gone home to live with her Heavenly Father in that land where sickness and death is never known and where she will be forever safe in the arms of Jesus, who has said "I take these little lambs and lay them in my breast, protection they shall find in me. In me be ever blest"

"Home is sad, yes, sad and dreary;
Lonesome, lonesome every spot—
Listening for her voice 'till weary.
Weary, for we hear it not,"
But God loved her too, and he thought
best to take her home to be at rest

DIED—At Lemont, Friday, Oct 14, 1892 of diptheria, Moses Morris Williams, son of John and Sarah Williams, aged 12 years.

Our home is sad and lonely
Since little Moses died.
Yet safe is our darling
Then staying by our side

His books and little playthings
We have laid away with care—
He never more will need them
In that bright world so fair.

J, M. C.

DIED—At Romola, Nov. 8, 1892, John J. Packer, aged 78 years and 20 days. Mr. Packer was a member of the Disciple church having been conducted by Rev. N. J. Mitchel many years ago. He lived a constant christian life. being exceptionally pure and upright. The funeral was from the Romola church, Rev. M. S. Blair officiating.

DEATH OF MRS. MARY ELLIOTT OF PHILIPSBURG.

The Philipsburg *Journal* said that Mrs. Mary Elliott, whose death occured on Wednesday morning at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Henry Southard, on Maple street, was one of Philipsburg's oldest and most highly esteemed citizens, and her demise removes another of the old landmarks who are gradually going out from among us to return no more. Had she survived until the 9th of January next she would have completed her 85th year. She was a native of Berks county, but when a little girl, aged about ten years, she came to Philipsburg, since which time, with the exception of a short time, spent in the west, she has made this place her home.

She was twice married, first to Samuel Burris, who died in 1845, and afterwards to Samuel Elliott, whose death occurred along about 1873.

She is survived by four children to the first husband, viz: Wm. E. Burris and Mrs. Henry Southard, of this place; Mrs. F. Peebles Green, of Bellefonte, and Mr. John Burris, of Clarkesburg, Ohio.

The deceased in her girlhood days gave her heart to God, and identified herself with the Methodist church. For fully 70 years she had lived a devoted christian life, and died in the triumphs of the faith. The funeral took place on Friday.

PERSONAL PENCILINGS

John T. Johnston, who has been ill for some time past, is much improved in health.

John C. Miller ran the largest vote on the republican ticket notwithstanding what some said about his getting a black eye on account of seizing a certain car load of flour.

Dr. Van Tries, who left Bellefonte for Indiana, Pa., last spring returned to vote at the late election. He looked and talked as natural as ever. His many friends greeted him cordially.

Miss Esther P. Tuten, who has spent the summer with her brother, Edward T. Tuten, in this place, departed Monday morning for New York, where she expects to spend the winter. She was accompanied as far as Philadelphia by Mrs. Chas. L. Gates and Earle C. Tuten, who took in the sights in the Quaker City for a couple days, returning home yesterday evening.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

On Wednesday, Nov. 2, the friends and relatives of Mr. John D. Thompson who lives about three miles northwest of Howard made him believe that it was absolutely necessary to make a trip to Jacksonville that day, business of the greatest importance requiring his attention. He started on the trip in company with his brother Henry—it was his 55th birth day. He hurried through his business and by noon was home again and to his surprise found the house filled with friends from far and near about forty persons were there, all his brothers and sisters were there but one, Mr. Joe Thompson, of Snow Shoe. All of his children, six in all, were also present. There was a bounteous feast prepared for all. Many presents were given and in fact such a time was had as will make the occasion one to be long remembered by all who participated.

STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.

A telegram was received here by W. D. McLaughlin from the manager of the Canton Opera house stating that the Markham Comedy Company was the best ever seen there. They turned 400 people away two nights last week. The above Company will open a week's engagement at the Opera house Monday night, Nov. 21st, in "A Hero in Rags, or A Brothers Crime." Change of bill nightly. Popular prices 10 20-30 cents. Seats now on sale at usual prices. Also ladies exchange tickets. Dont fail to see Harry M. Markham, late of the Kittie Rhoades Comedy Company.

A LETTER.

BELLEFONTE, Pa., Nov. 15, 1892.

TO THE FRIENDS OF EDUCATION—Kind friends we hope to raise $5,090 in this the first educational district for the education of the race, and in view of this fact we have placed the endowment prize card in the hands of several of the members of our Sudday school. We hope none will mistake this contribution for our church—it is strictly an endowment for Wilberforce University, of Ohio, and we kindly solicit your assistance for the cause. Very respectfully for the education of my race,

WILLIAM MILLS,
Sup't, of A. M. E. Sunday School.

—Now that the result is known the gentlemen in Bellefonte who have made bets and lost have paid them with as pleasent a manner as was possible. There were some who staked quite large sums, or at least what would be a very large sum to a poor editor and we sympathize with them in their losses. We never make bets however, believing it to be wrong in practice and we think it wonld be better if everyone acted upon the same principal. It must be apparent to the victims as well as the winners that betting on elections is the meanest game of chance.

—Calvin Horner, a young man employed to do chores about the Brockerhoff House, had a tooth extracted about two weeks ago from which he came very near bleeding to death. A doctor was called but before the blood had been stopped he became so weak that he could take only the simplest kind of nourishment. Mr. and Mrs. Brandon did all in their power for the young man. He is a son of William Horner, of Pleasant Gap. It is said that several of this family have bled to death from slight wounds that on the ordinary mortal would be considered harmless.

—The Methodist Conference will be held in Bellefonte commencing March 15, 1893, and will be presided over by Bishop Warren, of Minneapalis, the same as presided over that body when here six years ago.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF JACOB SEIBERT.

There are no people in Bellefonte who have lived here for a number of years that does not know Jacob Seibert, who died at Philipsburg last Friday morning, aged 63 years, 11 months and 27 days. He was born at Roopsburg, November 15, 1828. He leaves a wife and seven children, Mrs. Harry Karstetter, of Huntingdon, Mrs. Wm. Kirk, of Philipsburg, James S. Seibert, of Bellefonte, Miss Ella, Harry, Alfred and Frank who live in Philipsburg. Mrs. Nancy Seibert, his step mother, is 93 years old and lives on Thomas street, this place. He was a resident of the west ward for 32 years. He moved from here to Altoona where he stayed for two years and from there went to Philipsburg where he has lived for the past five years. He was a member of the Methodist church and lived a consistent christian life. His last sickness was short, only two weeks. He died of inflamation of the stomach. The funeral was last Sunday, at three o'clock, from the home of his son James D. Seibert, on Bishop street. Rev. Miles O. Noll, of the Reformed church officiating A large number of his old friends and acquaintances took part in the last service to their dead friend. The pall bearers were William Shortlidge, W. R. Jenkins, John Meese, George Bayard, John Fellenbaum and Amos Mullen. In speaking of the deceased the *Journal* of Philipsburg last Friday says:

At ten o'clock today Jacob Seibert, of Point Lookout, breathed his last. Mr. Seibert came from Altoona to this place about five years ago, and was a blacksmith by trade. Previous to moving to Altoona he was a resident of Bellefonte for many years. His death was caused by inflamation of the bowels. He was aged 63 years, 11 months and 27 days. A wife and seven children survive him—three daughters and four sons. He wa a man beloved by all who knew him, a kind husband and loving father. Funeral services will be held at his late residence Saturday evening at 7 p. m., after which the remains will be taken to Bellefonte for burial, the funeral taking place from the residence of his son, James D. Seibert, at 2 p. m. Sunday afternoon. The five years he has lived in this place he has made many friends, all of whom held him in the highest esteem, and he will be much missed. Peace to his ashes.

—Last Monday evening the victorious democrats of Centre county had a parade and bon fire to celebrate their great victory. They also had speaking in the court house and we have heard it said that the remarks of the orators were moderate in tone and that some of them were fine oratorical efforts. The parade formed about half past seven o'clock; there were about 100 persons on horse back several on foot; what they called a float, a dog cart and a traction engine. Many houses along the line of march were decorated and at some places a brilliant display of fire works. The transparencies were unique and very appropriate for a democratic parade. On one we noticed "and it snowed the next day" which is a fact and we don't wonder and if it is not a cold day for many of those who are now so jubilant for the next four years, we *shall* wonder. But go on boys, we can stand hard times as well as you can only we do not like to see men cut their own throats. But to be serious we do not think the jubliee quite come up to the expectations of the projectors, but then the democrats never could get up a decent affair of that sort. It takes republicans to paint a town red right.

—The funeral of Mrs. Rebecca Schreyer whose death was mentioned in last week's *Republican*, was from the house of her daughter, Mrs. Jontahan Harper, on west Linn street, at two o'clock last week Monday. The services were conducted by Rev. Miles O. Noll, pastor of the German Reformed church, and Rev. W. A. Houck of the Methodist church. The pall bearers were Al. Garman, Will Garman, Corney Garman, Earle Garman, Luther Hathorn, H. Hoffman, Jerome Harper and John Evans, grand children of the deceased. A large number of friends and relatives attended, The services were very solemn after which the funeral cortege proceeded to Union cemetery where the remains were laid away in their last resting place amid tears and flowers.

MOSHANON ITEMS

Mr. John McGowan has built a new addition to his barn.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesle Fryey and children were visiting at Miss Walkers on Sunday.

John A. Mayes from Clerance visited friends in Moshanon a few days last week.

Clara Walker visited at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Hondeshell at Pine Glenn last week.

We are sorry to hear of the illness of Mrs. Dufdey and hope for her speedy recovery.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE